



No. 115

Ten Cents

DEC.
1947



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

AN AMAZING
SUPERMAN
STORY...

'The Wish
That Came
True'

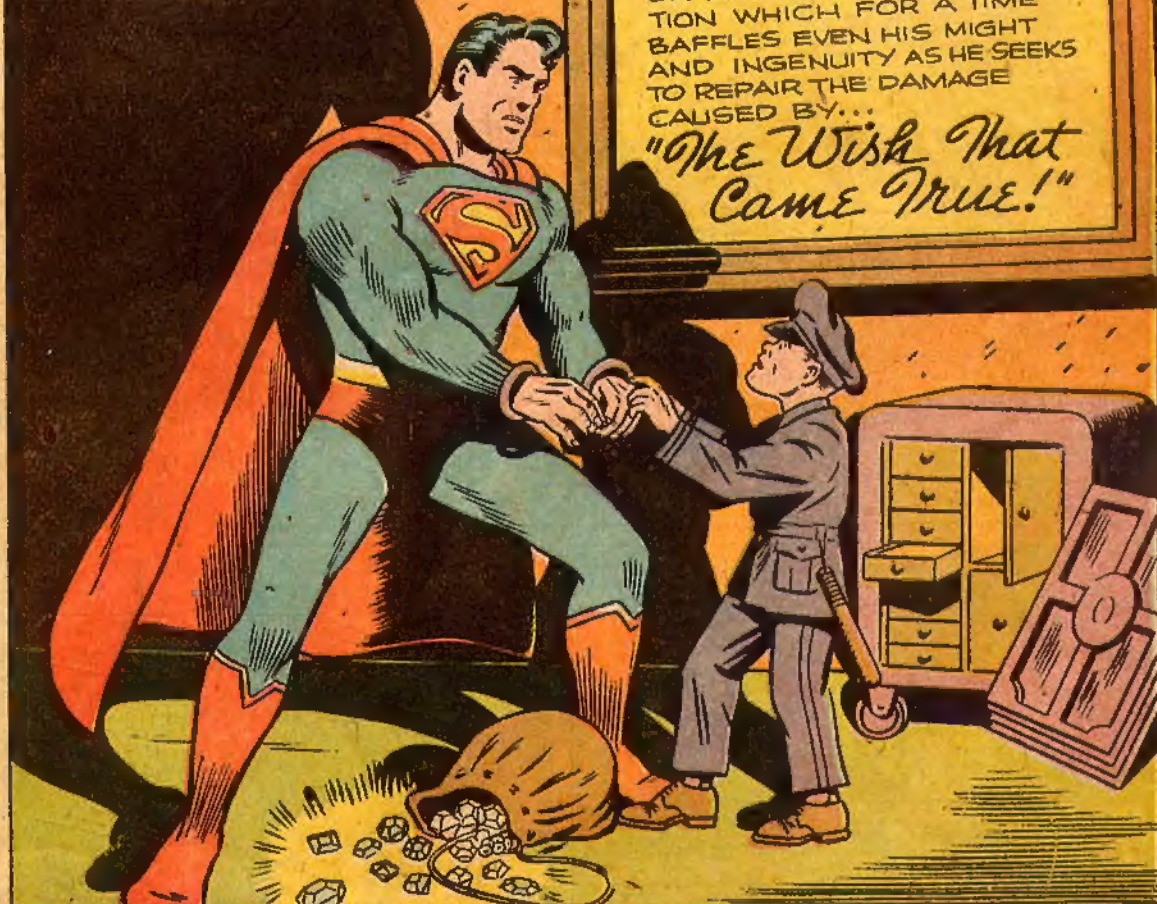


SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

SUPERMAN A THIEF?
IMPOSSIBLE! BUT TRY TO
CONVINCE SEVEN YEAR OLD
ARTHUR PARRISH THAT HIS
FORMER IDOL ISN'T GUILTY!
A YOUNGSTER'S ACCUSATION
STARTS THE **MAN OF STEEL**
ON A CRIMINAL INVESTIGA-
TION WHICH FOR A TIME
BAFFLES EVEN HIS MIGHT
AND INGENUITY AS HE SEEKS
TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE
CAUSED BY...

*"The Wish That
Came True!"*

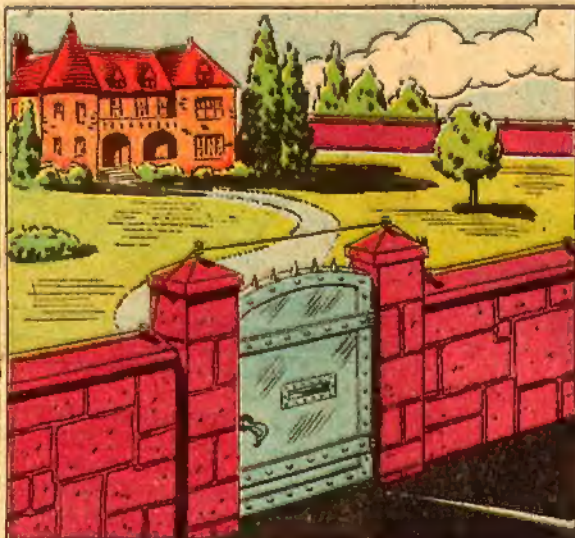


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Printed in U.S.A.

IN A QUIET FARMING DISTRICT NEAR METROPOLIS, THE HOME OF AMOS PARRISH NESTLES BEHIND BRISTLING WALLS THAT PROVIDE SECURITY FOR THE VALUABLE GEMS SO OFTEN CONTAINED IN HIS SAFE. FOR AMOS PARRISH IS A FAMOUS JEWEL EXPERT...



HARK! A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE WALLS—THE VOICE OF A BOY...

OH, THAT'S NOTHING. I CAN FLY, TOO. I JUST SAY THE MAGIC WORDS AND I SAIL FAR, FAR AWAY.



IT IS AMOS PARRISH'S SON, ARTHUR. DENIED THE COMPANIONSHIP OF OTHER CHILDREN, HE MAKES UP CHARACTERS OF HIS OWN AND TALKS TO THEM...

BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN FLY MUCH FASTER THAN BOTH OF US. **SUPERMAN.** HE CAN DO ANYTHING. WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM, PRINCE?



THEN I'LL JUST LEAVE A LETTER FOR HIM IN THE WISHING TREE AND SAY THE MAGIC WORDS. HE'LL BE SURE TO COME.



"DEAR **SUPERMAN**... MY FRIEND THE PRINCE WANTS TO MEET YOU... PLEASE COME TOMORROW AFTERNOON. I'LL BE WATCHING FOR YOU AT THE GATE.

YOUR SINCERE FRIEND,
ARTHUR PARRISH"

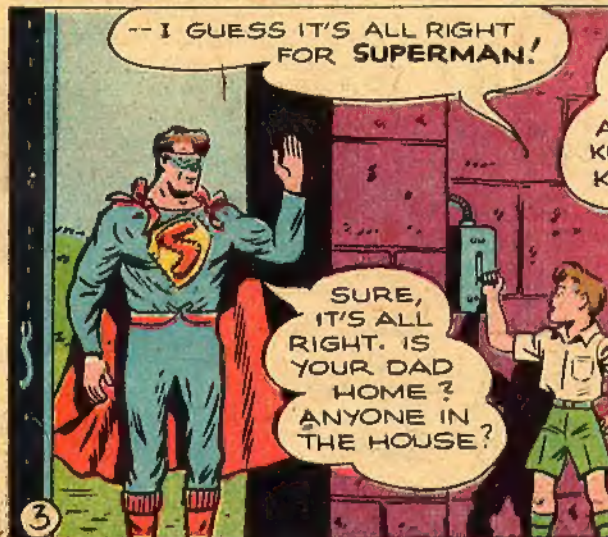
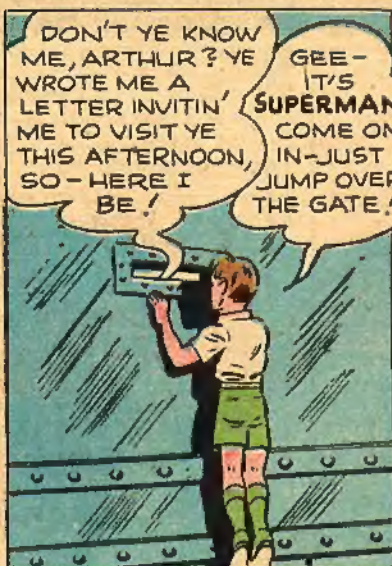
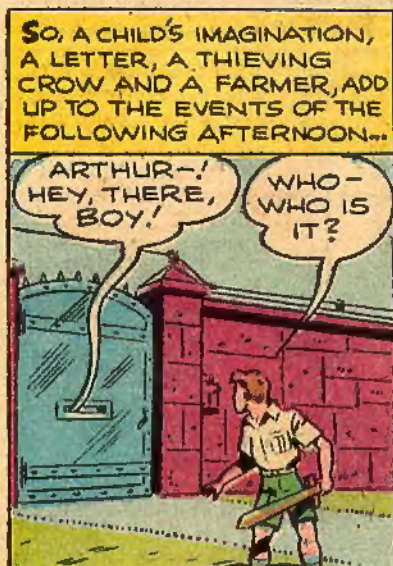
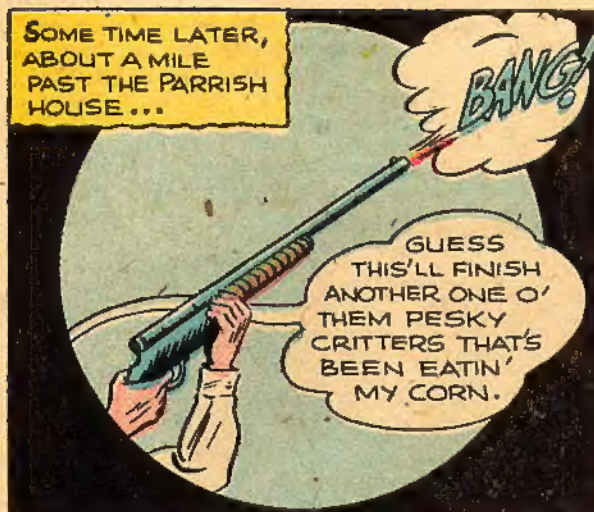


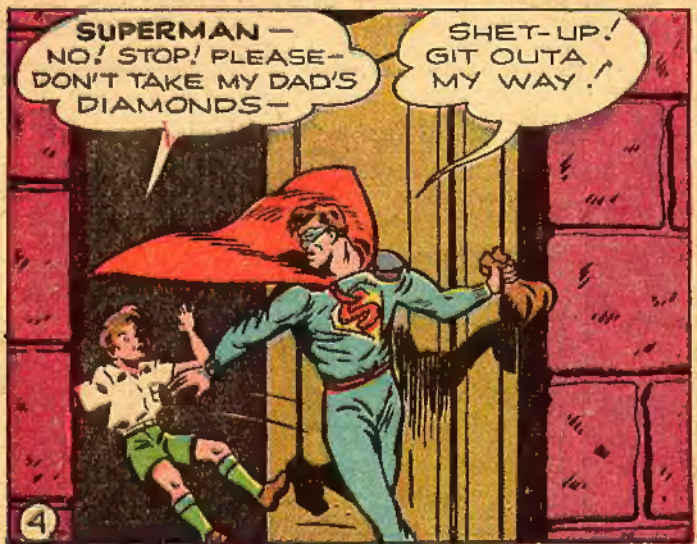
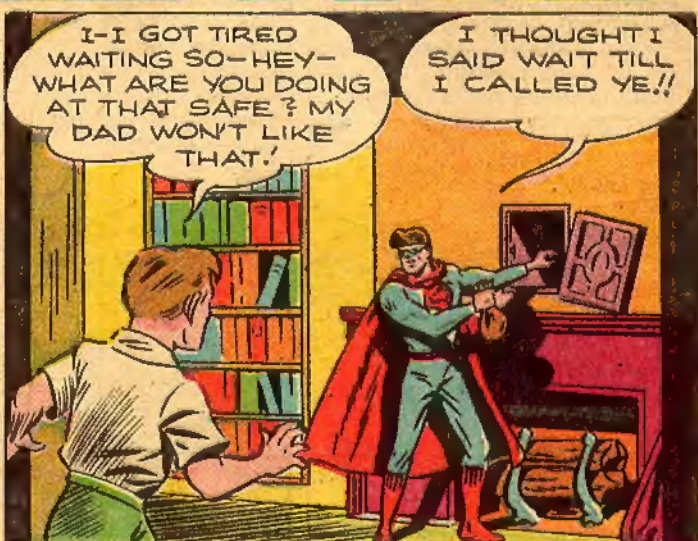
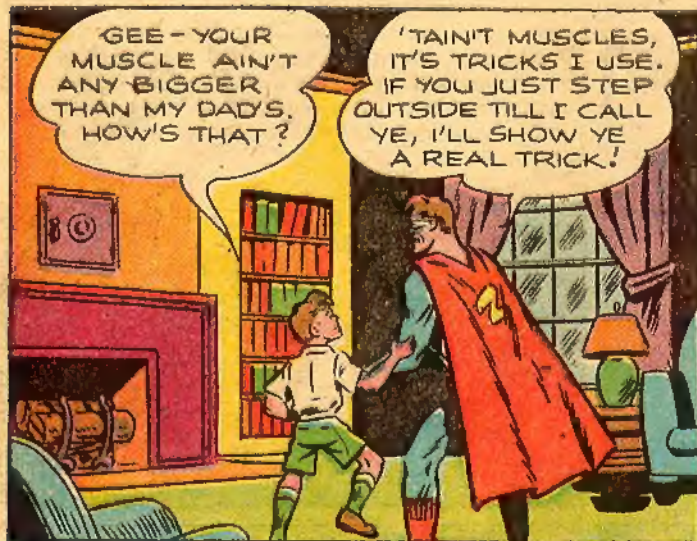
THERE—NOW HE'LL BE SURE TO COME. YOU'LL SEE...

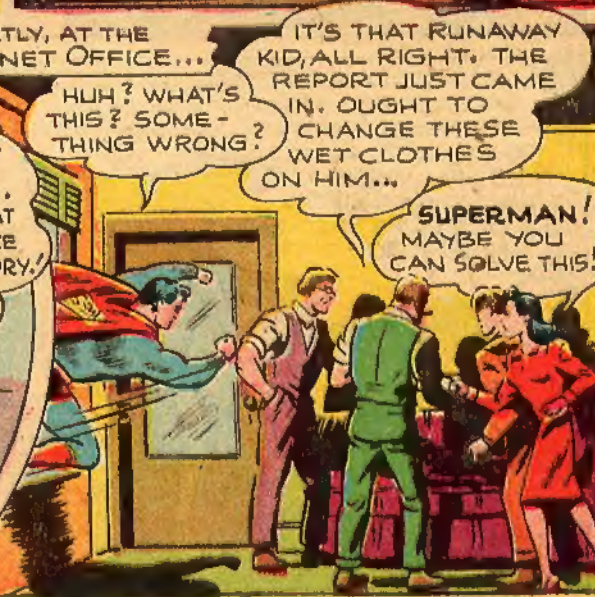
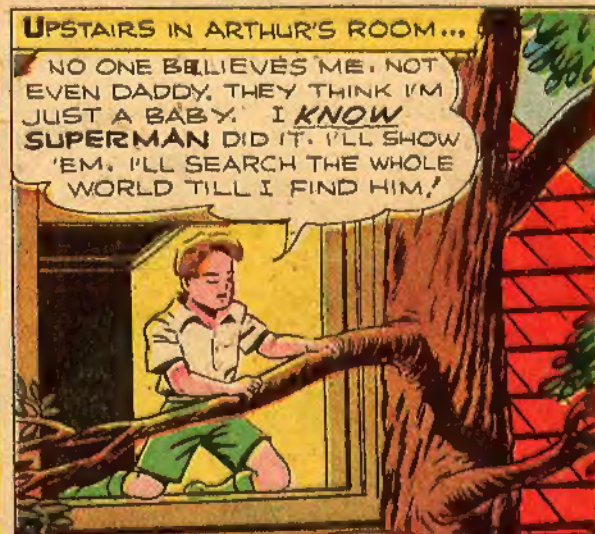
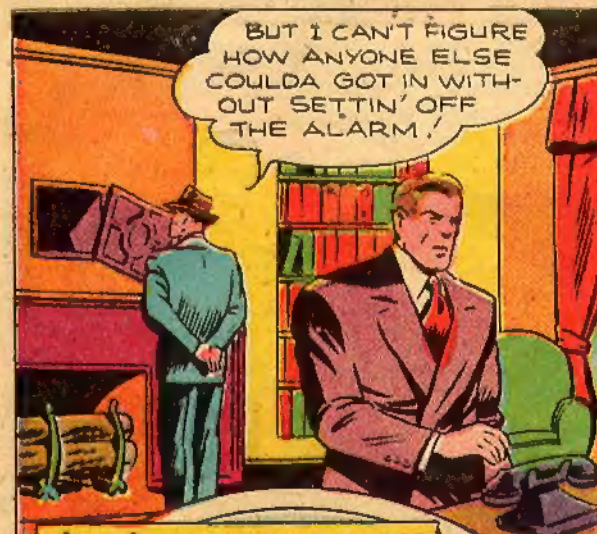
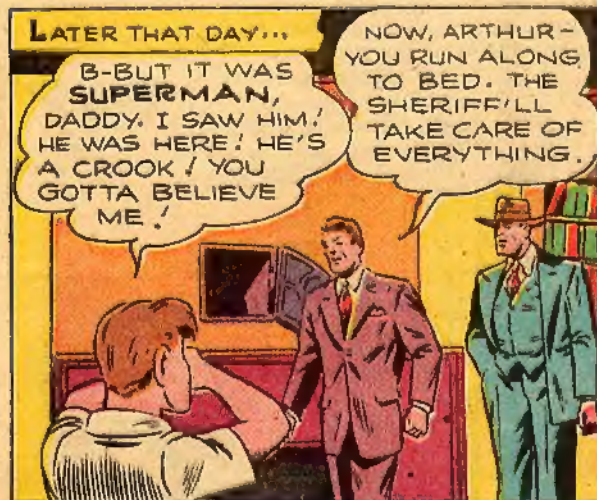


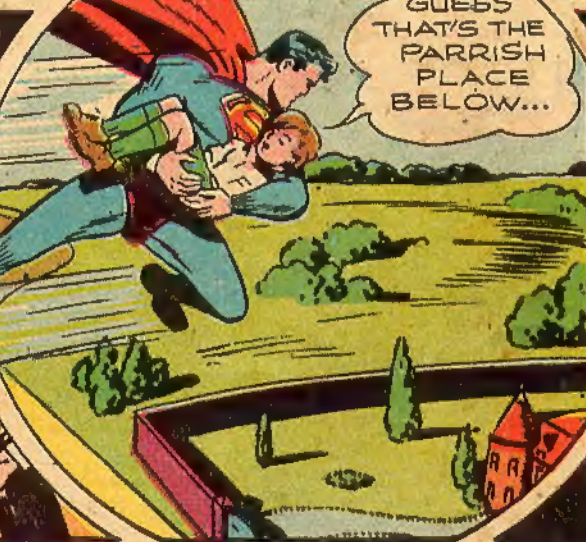
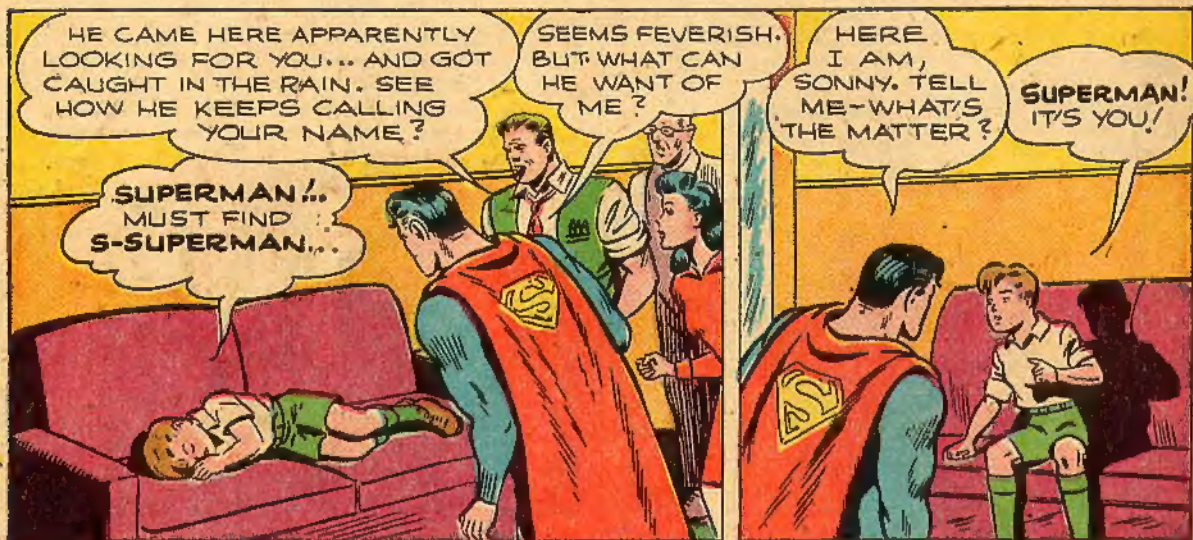
CROWS ARE BORN THIEVES. WATCH THIS ONE...

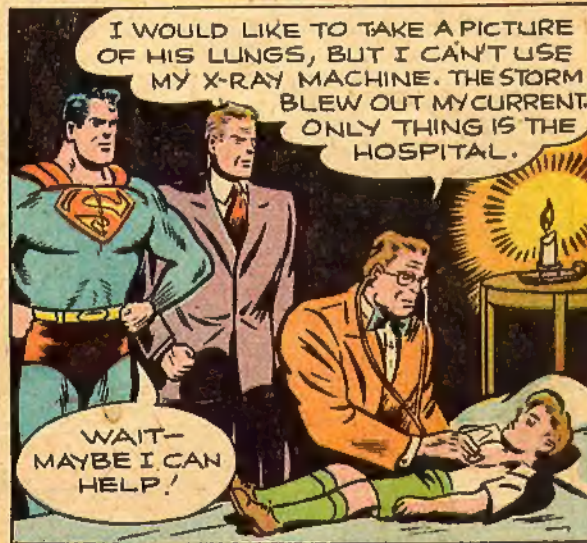
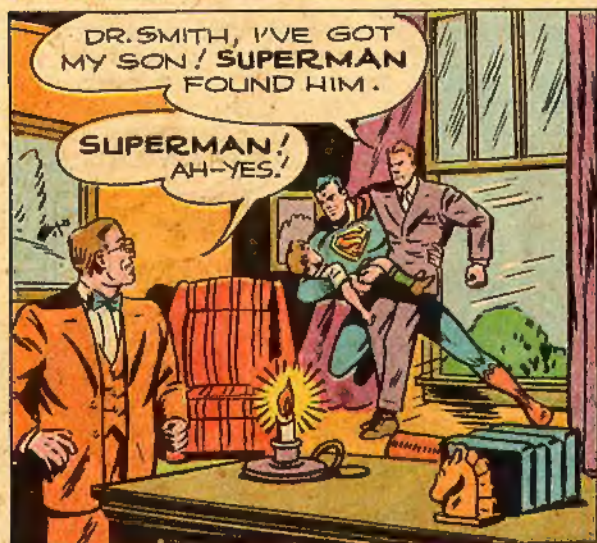
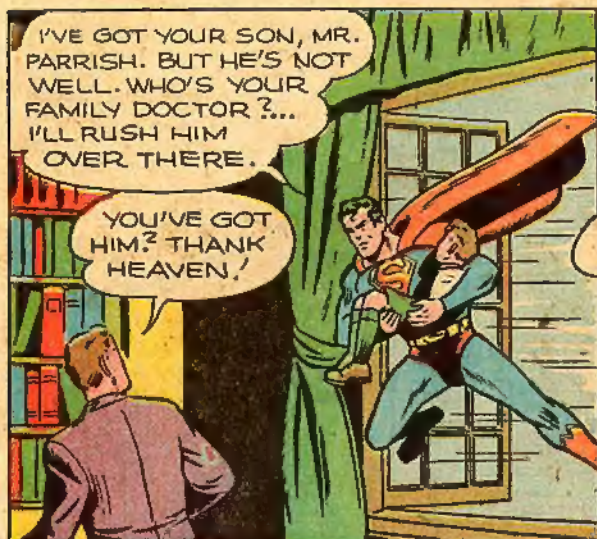


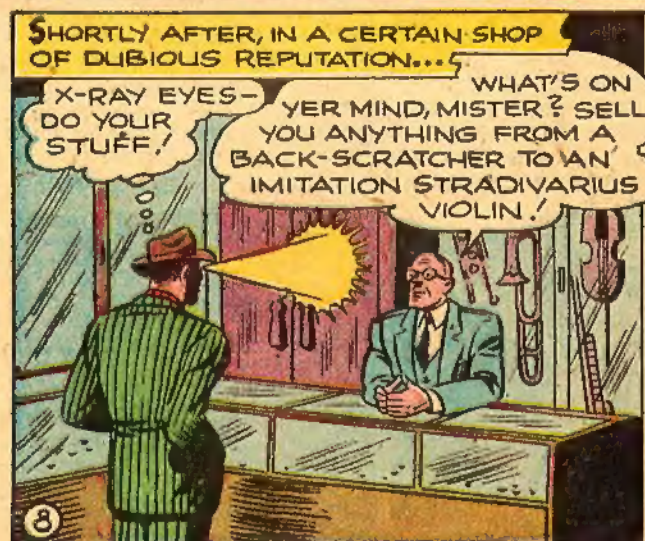
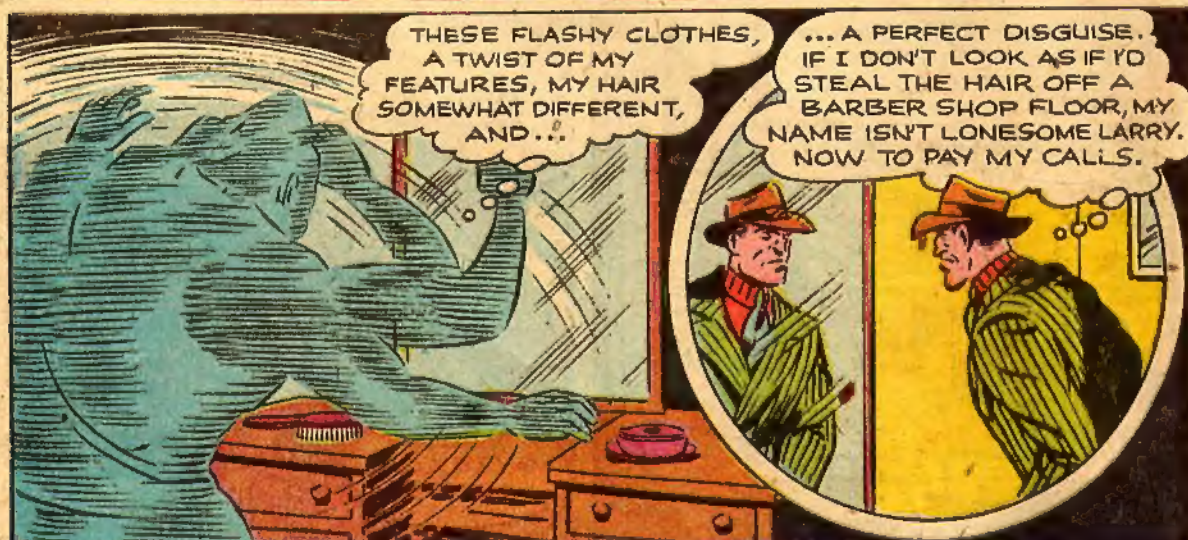
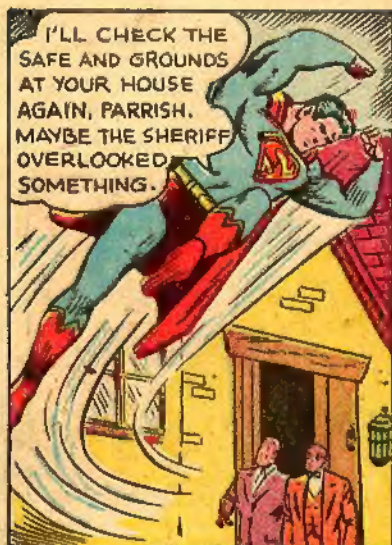


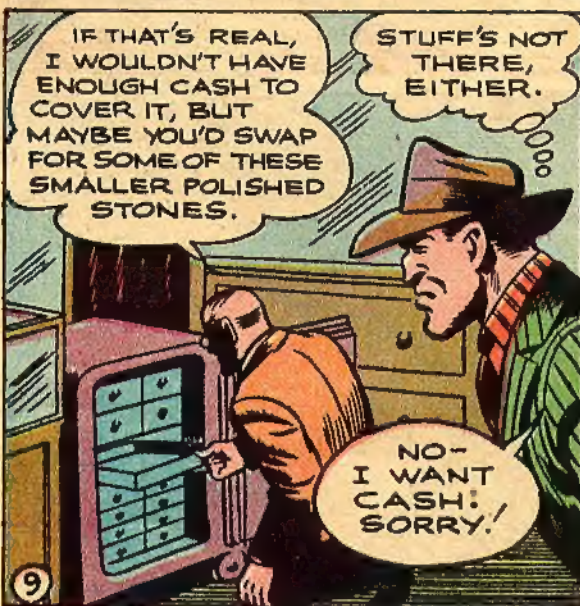
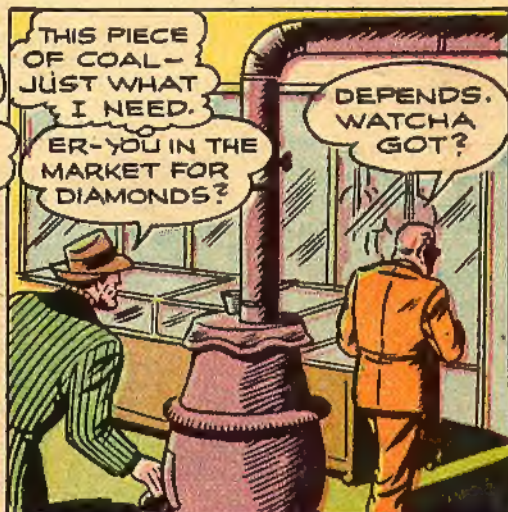


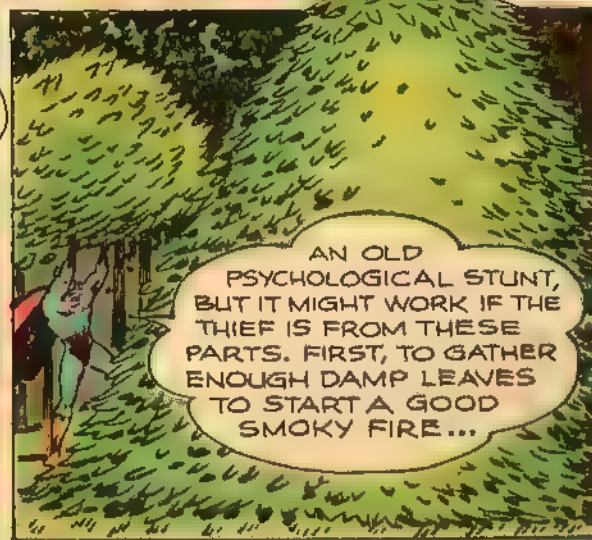
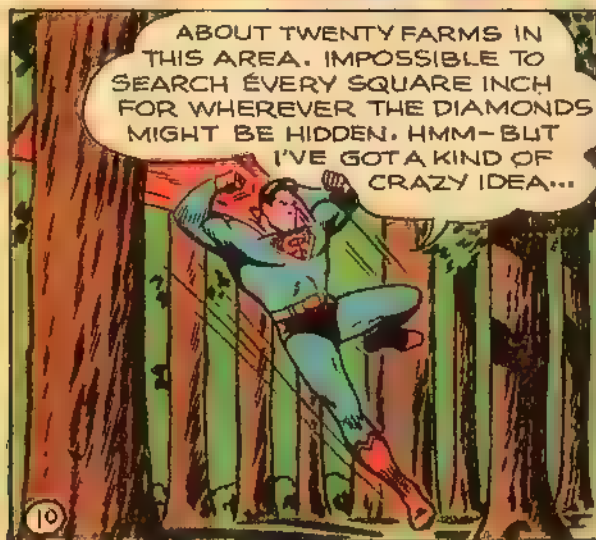
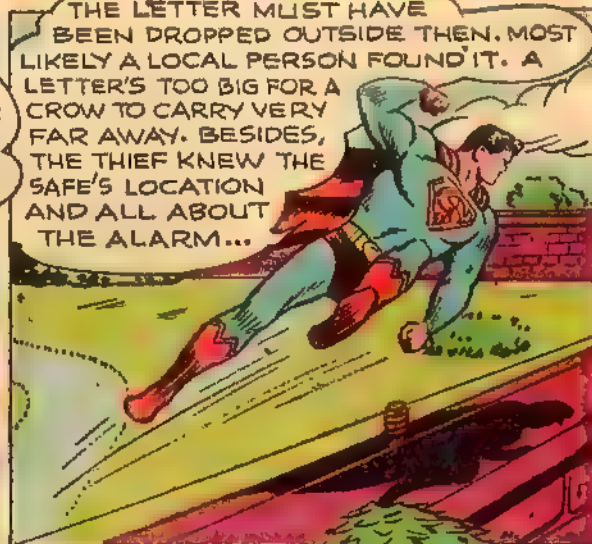
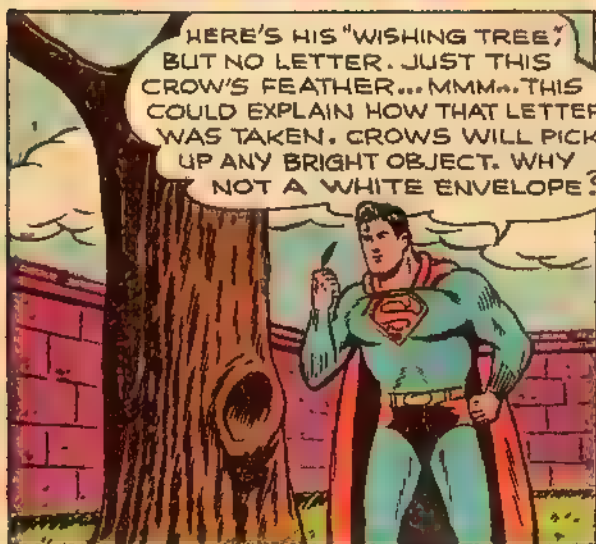
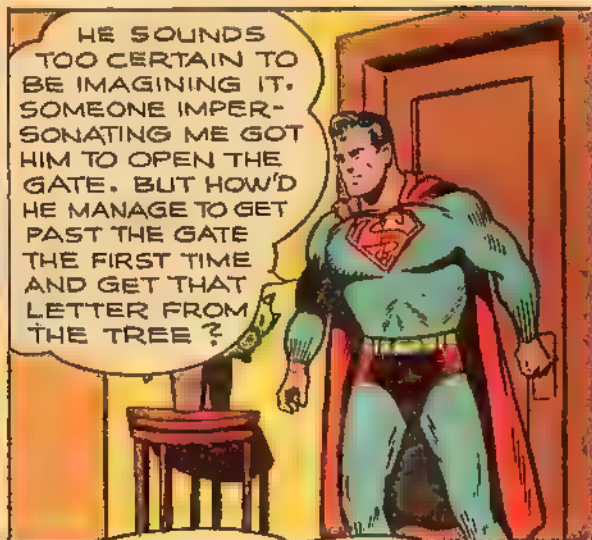
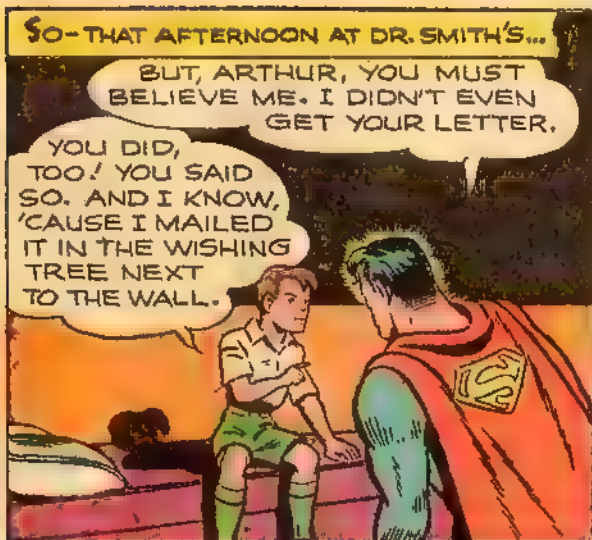


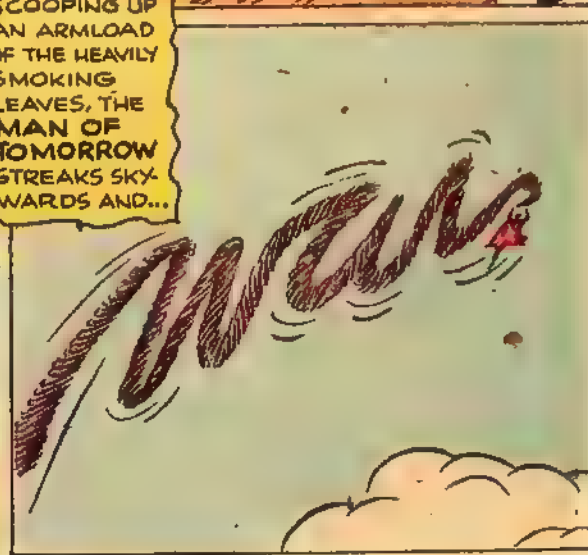
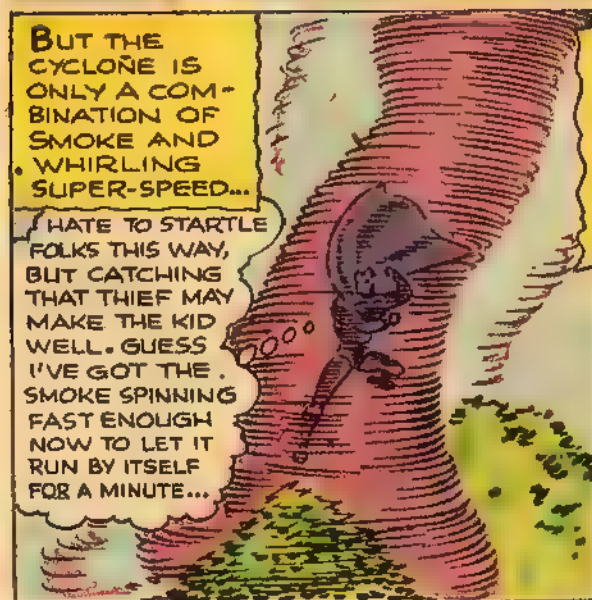
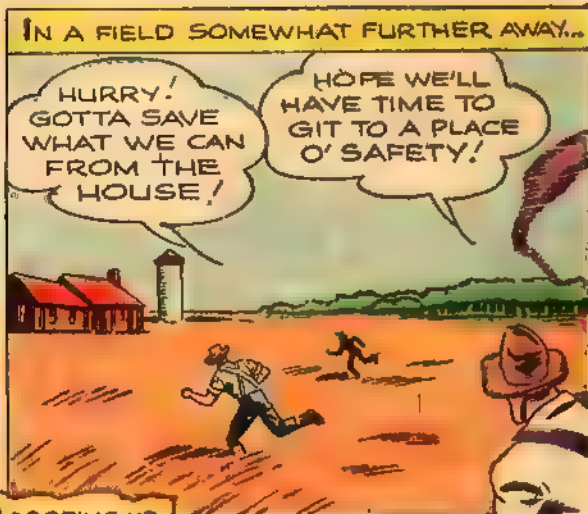
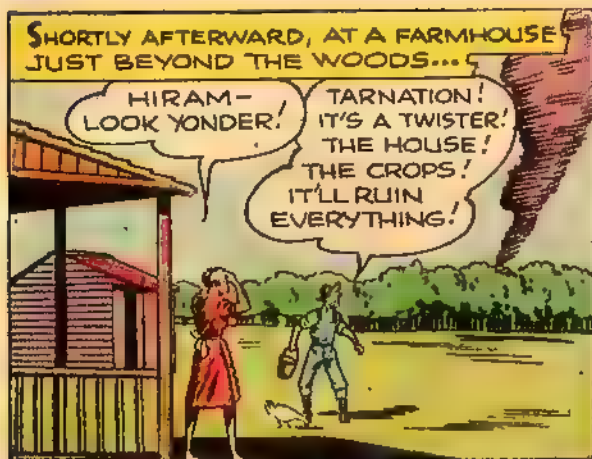












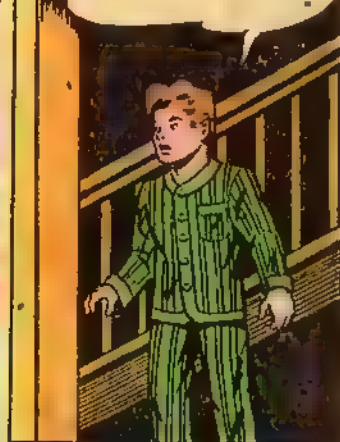


...I CHECKED EVERYBODY'S BUNDLES WITH MY X-RAY VISION. THAT'S HOW I SPOTTED THIS BIRD. HE WAS CARRYING THE STUFF IN A RED BANDANNA WHICH HE'D PACKED IN A DUFFLE BAG! GO ON, SPEAK UP, YOU!

WELL, WHEN I FOUND THE BOY'S LETTER ASKIN' SUPERMAN TO VISIT HIM, I DRESSED UP LIKE SUPERMAN AN'...

WAIT-DOCTOR-I'D LIKE THE KID TO HEAR THIS. CAN HE?

I DID HEAR! I WAS LISTENING AT THE DOOR!

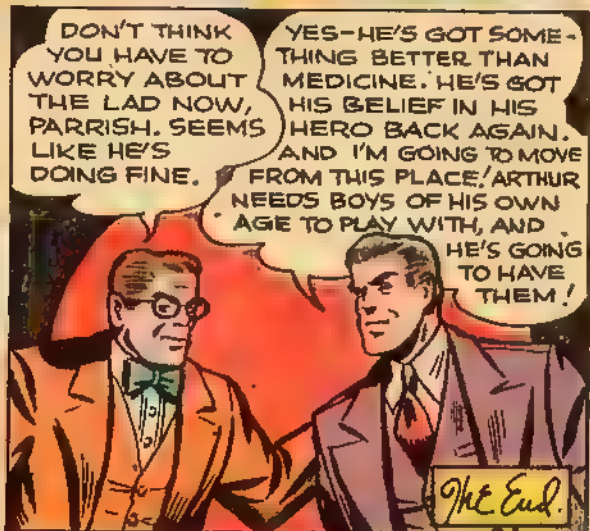
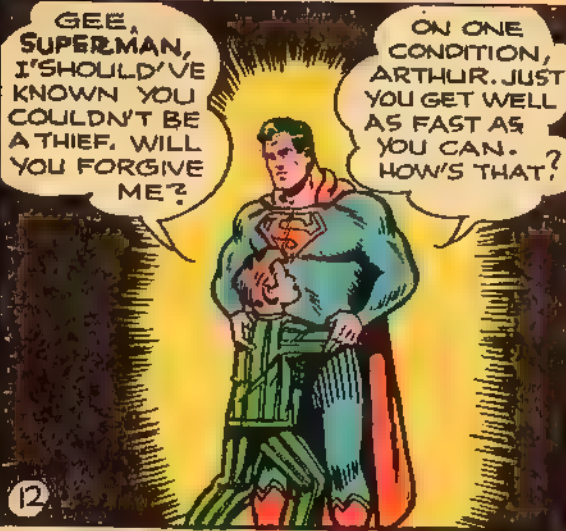


GEE, SUPERMAN, I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T BE A THIEF. WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?

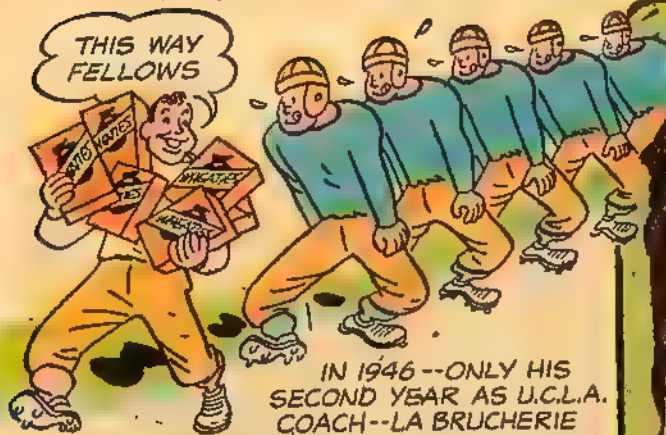
ON ONE CONDITION, ARTHUR. JUST YOU GET WELL AS FAST AS YOU CAN. HOW'S THAT?

DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE LAD NOW, PARRISH. SEEMS LIKE HE'S DOING FINE.

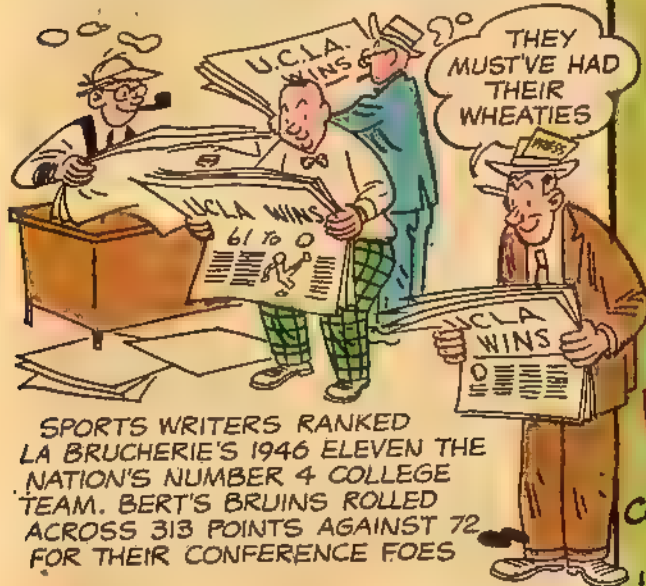
YES-HE'S GOT SOMETHING BETTER THAN MEDICINE. HE'S GOT HIS BELIEF IN HIS HERO BACK AGAIN. AND I'M GOING TO MOVE FROM THIS PLACE, ARTHUR NEEDS BOYS OF HIS OWN AGE TO PLAY WITH, AND HE'S GOING TO HAVE THEM!



The End.



IN 1946 -- ONLY HIS SECOND YEAR AS U.C.L.A. COACH -- LA BRUCHERIE LED THE CALIFORNIANS TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE



SPORTS WRITERS RANKED LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72 FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES



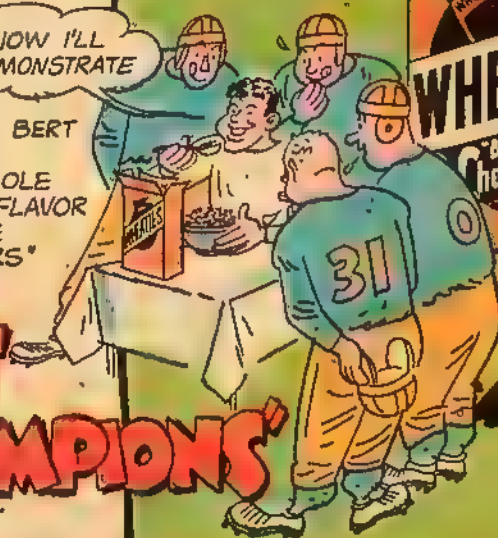
BERT

LA BRUCHERIE

COACH OF THE CHAMPION U.C.L.A. BRUINS

"MY BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' AS A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH," SAYS BERT LA BRUCHERIE. "IT'S MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE FOR YEARS"

NOW I'LL DEMONSTRATE



WHEATIES

'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

HI, GANG!

RADIO'S FAVORITE
TEEN-AGE GIRL-FRIEND

Now in the
COMICS!

A DATE
WITH

Judy

BASED ON THE FAMOUS COAST-TO-COAST N.B.C.
RADIO PROGRAM ORIGINATED BY ALEEN LESLIE!

YOUR OWN
FAVORITE
TEENSTERS
IN THE SORT
OF HILARIOUS
BOY-AND-GIRL
STORIES
You LIKE!

10¢

AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS





CONGO BILL

A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS WAITING TO BE TAKEN! BUT TO GET THEM, CONGO BILL MUST FACE NOT ONLY THE PERILS OF THE JUNGLE BUT GREED-INSPIRED TRAPS AND PITFALLS THAT ARE FAR MORE DEADLY! A MISSION THAT TAXES TO THE UTMOST HIS KEEN WITS AND RESOURCEFULNESS IS THIS HAZARDOUS JOURNEY INTO A...

"TREASURE TRAP!"

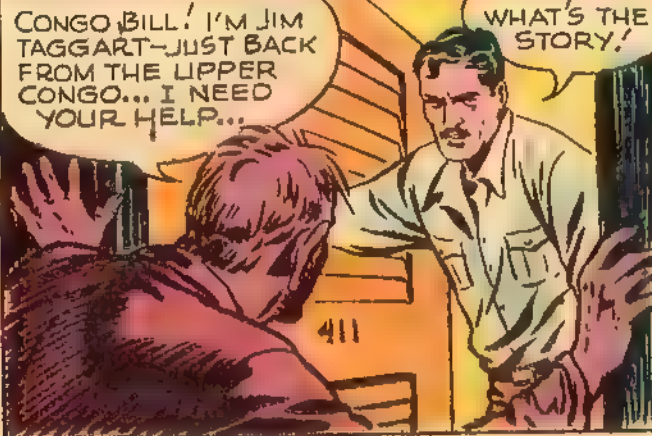


IN CONGO BILL'S NORTH AFRICAN HOTEL ROOM ONE NIGHT...

CONGO BILL! I'M JIM TAGGART—JUST BACK FROM THE UPPER CONGO... I NEED YOUR HELP...

WHAT'S THE STORY?

MY PARTNER AND I STRUCK IT RICH... A DIAMOND MINE IN THE LIBANGI COUNTRY. AS WE TRIED TO LEAVE, WE WERE AMBUSHED BY EL HASSAM'S BANDITS...



MY PARTNER WAS KILLED. I ESCAPED. NOW I NEED A GUIDE TO HELP ME FIND SOME DIAMONDS I HID. I'LL SPLIT WITH YOU, CONGO BILL, IF YOU'LL HELP ME.

I'LL HELP YOU, JIM... BUT FIRST—

— LET US DISPOSE OF THE EAVESDROPPER BEHIND THIS CURTAIN!

LONG EARS— AND A LONG KNIFE!

YIII!!

THEN, THE DOOR OPENS ...

A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, CONGO BILL! IN MY HOTEL SUCH AN OUTRAGE IS UN-THINKABLE! THIS LOWBORN ONE SHALL BE GIVEN TO THE POLICE AT ONCE.

YOU ARE A WATCHFUL HOST, ALI BEY!

MAYBE TOO WATCHFUL!

A WEEK LATER, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE ...

WE'RE NEARLY THERE, CONGO BILL, AND WE'VE HAD NO TROUBLE AT ALL...

WE'RE NOT THERE YET, JIM. AND I'VE A HUNCH EL HASSAM KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

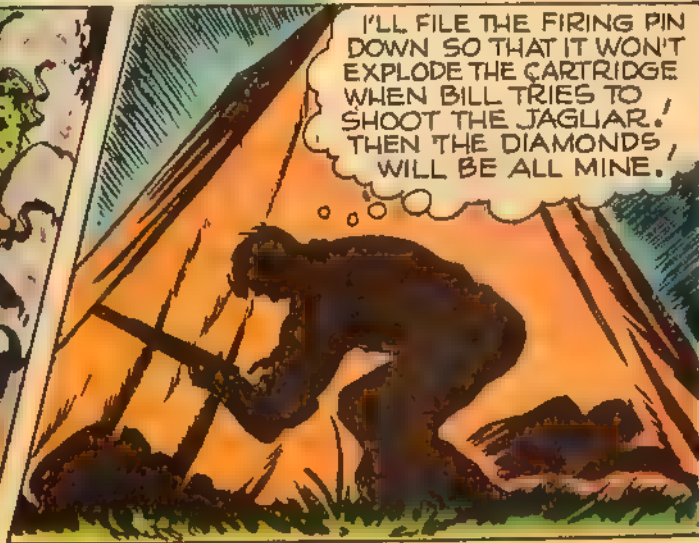
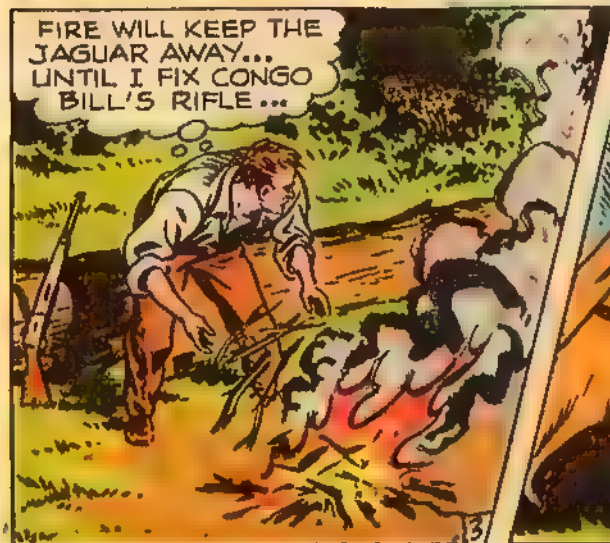
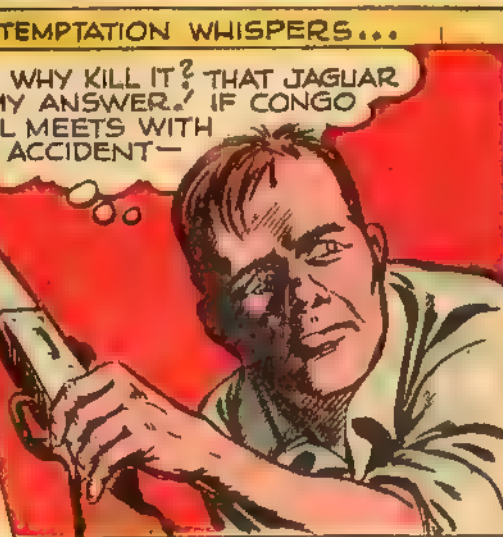
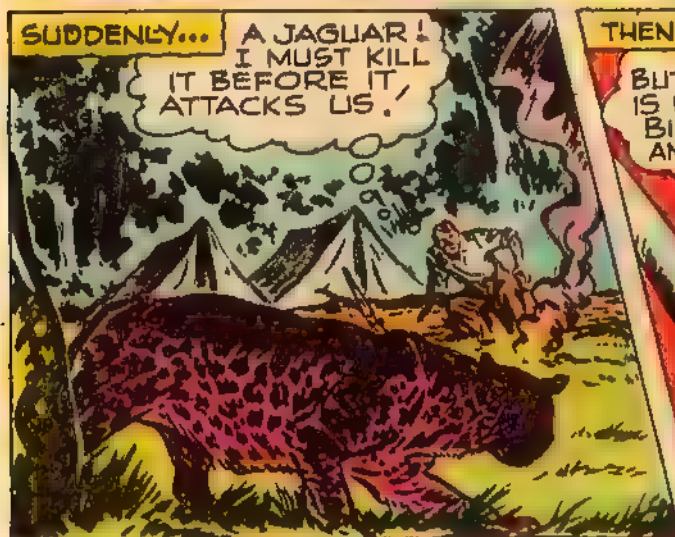
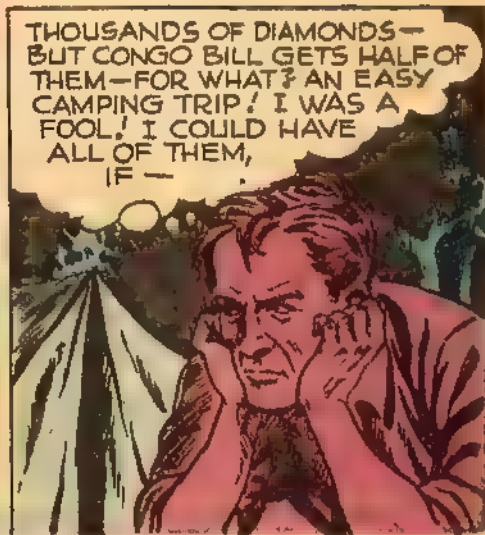
NEXT DAY...

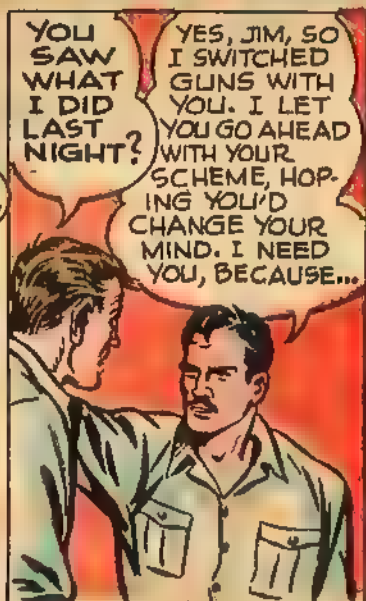
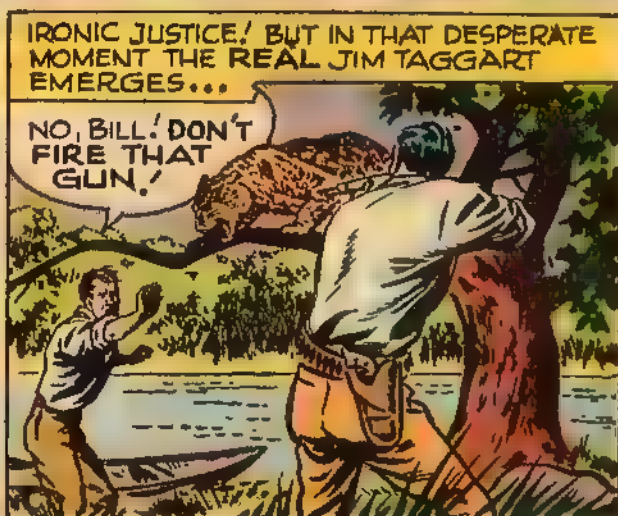
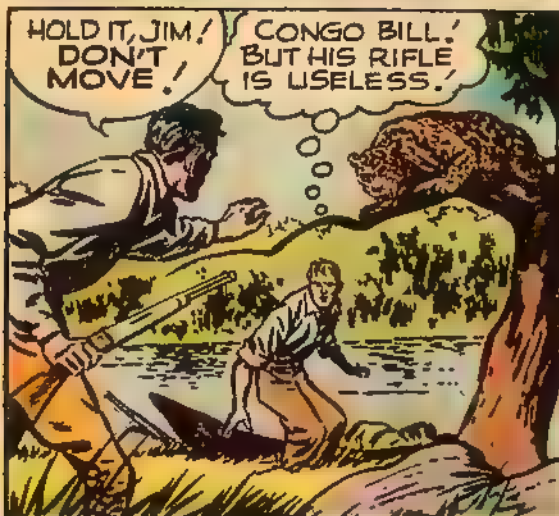
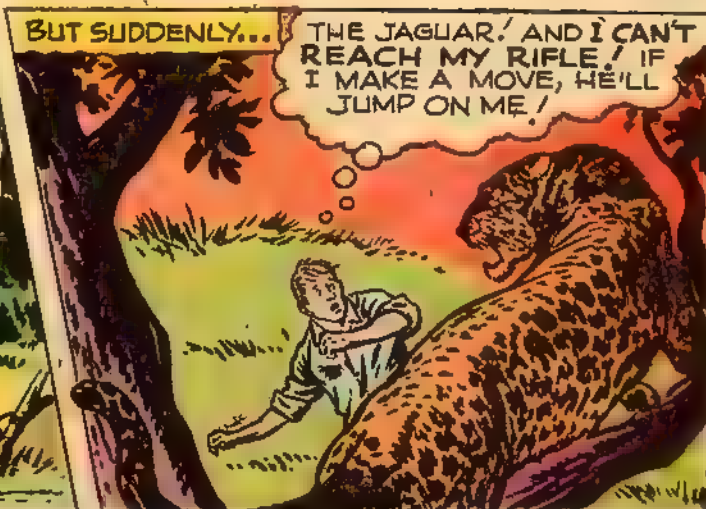
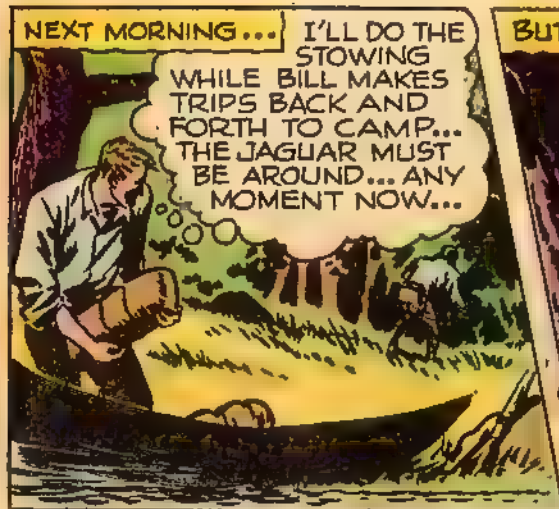
WE MADE IT, CONGO BILL! THE DIAMONDS ARE CACHED BEHIND THAT WATERFALL.

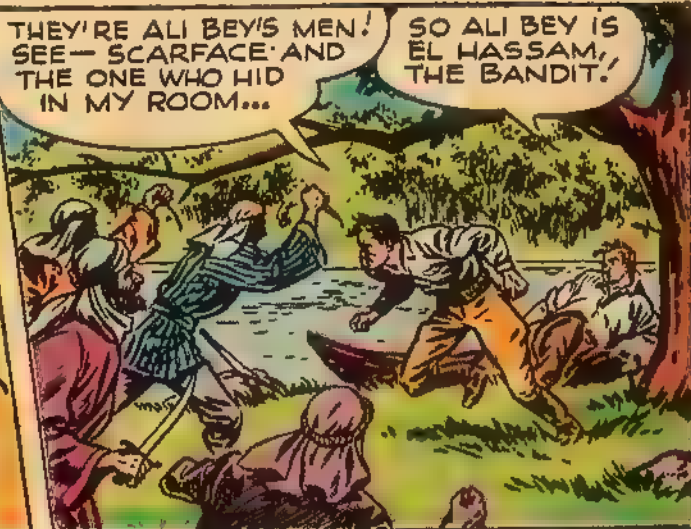
TOO PEACEFUL ... A QUIET JUNGLE IS A DANGEROUS JUNGLE...

THOUSANDS OF THEM, CONGO BILL! A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THEM BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

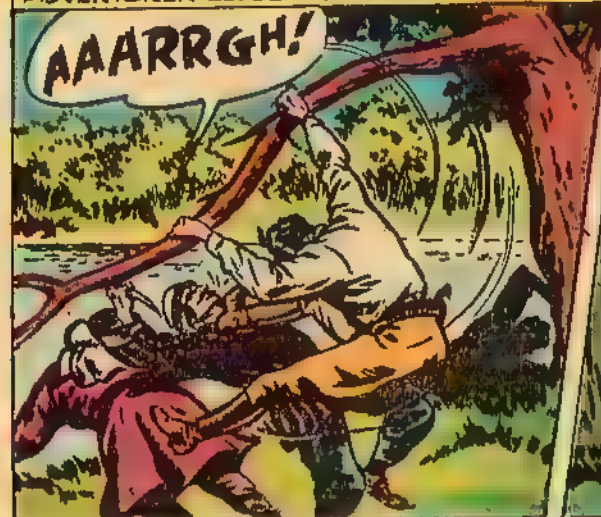
WE'LL START BACK IN THE MORNING, JIM. TIME NOW TO MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT!







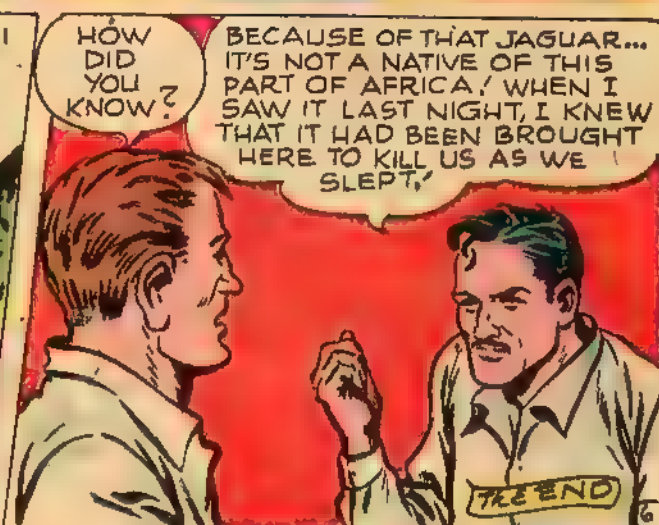
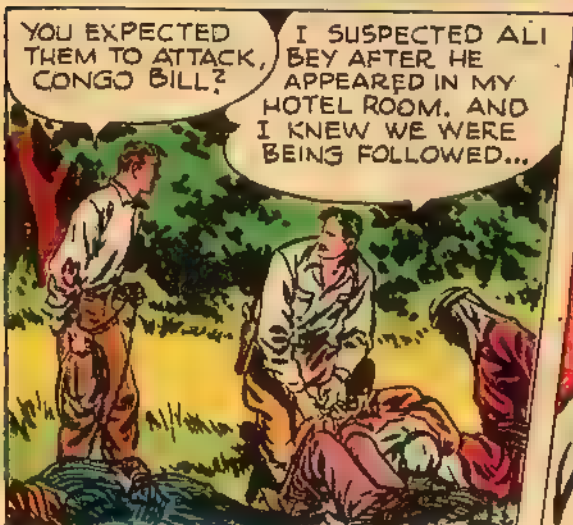
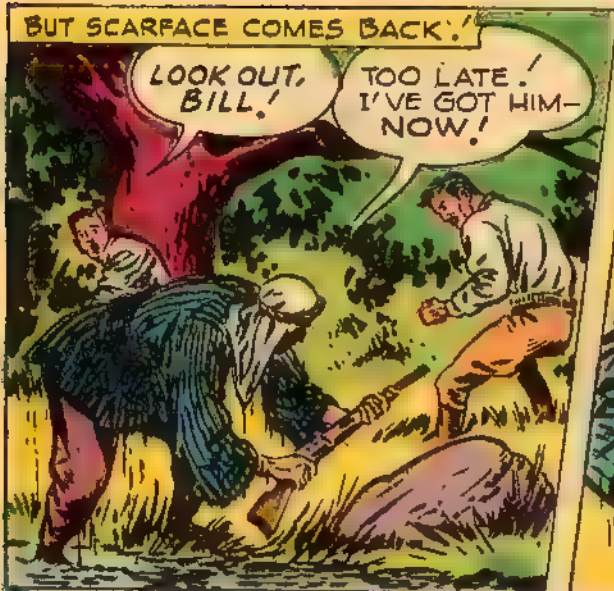
USING DYNAMIC GYMNASTICS, THE JUNGLE ADVENTURER ELUDES THE BANDITS...



WHILE TAGGERT DOES HIS SHARE!

GOOD BOY, JIM! THIS IS WHY I HAD TO BE SURE I COULD COUNT ON YOU!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

JMKICAM KPZQABWXP-
MZ KWTCUJCA PIL BPM
KWCZIOM WN PQA KWV-
DQKBQWVA, PM LQAK-
WDMZML IUMZQKI.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

DEC.

Dear Superman:

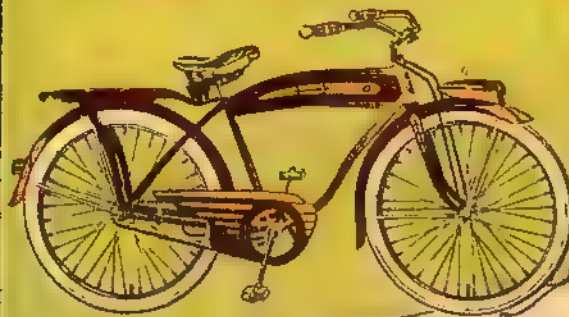
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

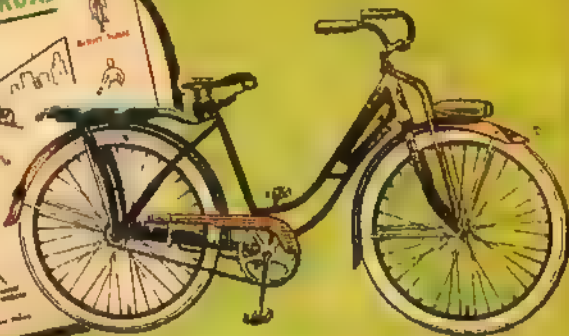
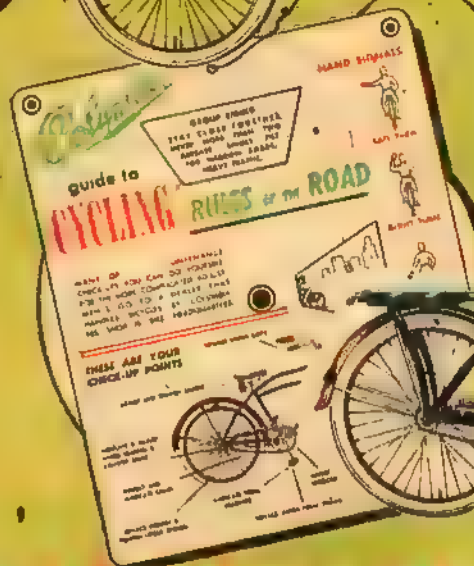
RIDE THE RIGHT BIKE...



BOYS—Here's the sleek COLUMBIA Standard-Equipped Model with snug-fitting tank, push button electric horn and other special COLUMBIA features. Red with ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guard, sturdy luggage carrier.

...and you'll get more fun out of cycling, for cycling pleasure depends on comfort and trouble-free performance. For years of smooth carefree service, you can rely on Bicycles by COLUMBIA.

GIRLS—Here's the colorful COLUMBIA Standard Model with a balanced effect achieved by attractive rear parcel carrier and tank compartment enclosing electric horn. Blue with Ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guards.



AND RIDE YOUR BIKE RIGHT...



"If you want to be a **CRACK BICYCLE ENGINEER**, get this new COLUMBIA 'Rotating-Dial' GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD," says **THOMAS L. PERKINS, CRACK ENGINEER** of the "20th CENTURY LIMITED."

with the help of the COLUMBIA "Rotating-Dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD (pictured above). It's the sound, easy way to learn to become an expert cyclist. Illustrates 16 rules, also gives traffic and hand signals, together with check-chart for bicycle maintenance. Fill in and mail the coupon below with 10¢ in coin to cover cost of mailing. (Dials mailed only in U. S.)

"You can learn to be a real 'ACE ON A BIKE' if you follow the COLUMBIA 'Rotating-Dial' GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD," says Captain **O. M. Gove, famous TWA PILOT.**



Columbia
Since 1877—
America's **FIRST** Bicycle



COLUMBIA BICYCLES,
Box 26, Church Street Sta., New York 8, N. Y.

Here is 10¢ in coin for my "Rotating-Dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: Offer applies only to residents of U. S.

THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASS.

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

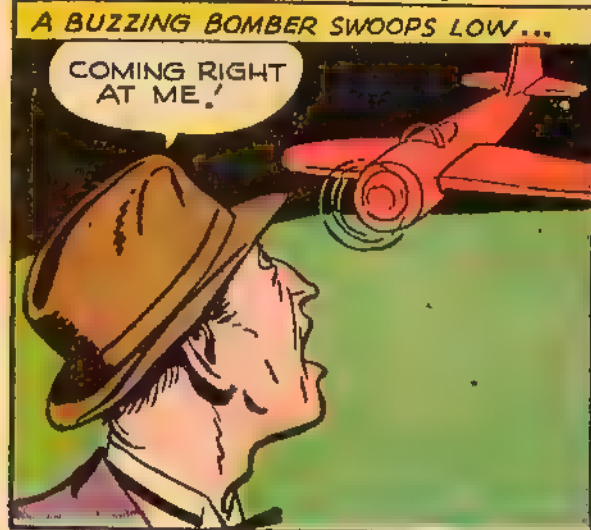
HE DOESN'T APPROVE OF A BOY'S ENTHUSIASM FOR TOYS — THIS CRANK, COLE. BUT WHEN A WHOLE COMMUNITY IS THREATENED BY FLOOD, ZATARA'S WIZARDRY MAGNIFIES THESE MODELS, UNTIL ON LAND AND SEA, AND IN THE AIR, THEY BECOME...

"THE TOYS THAT SAVED THE TOWN!"



A BUZZING BOMBER SWOOPS LOW...

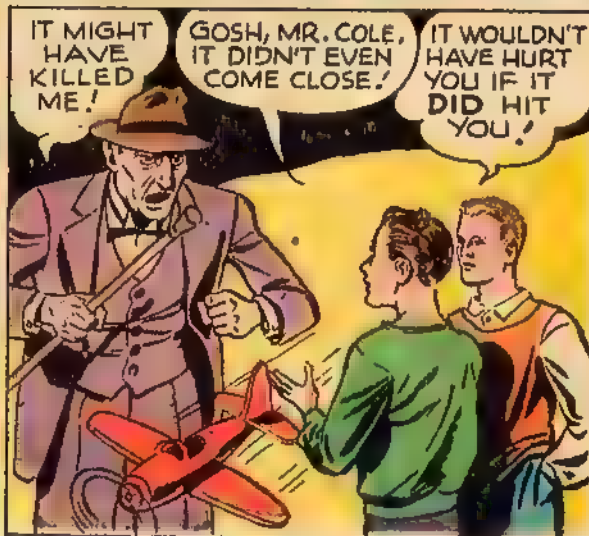
COMING RIGHT AT ME!

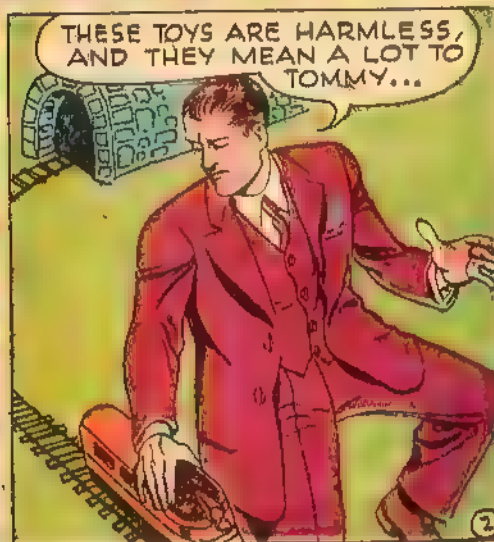
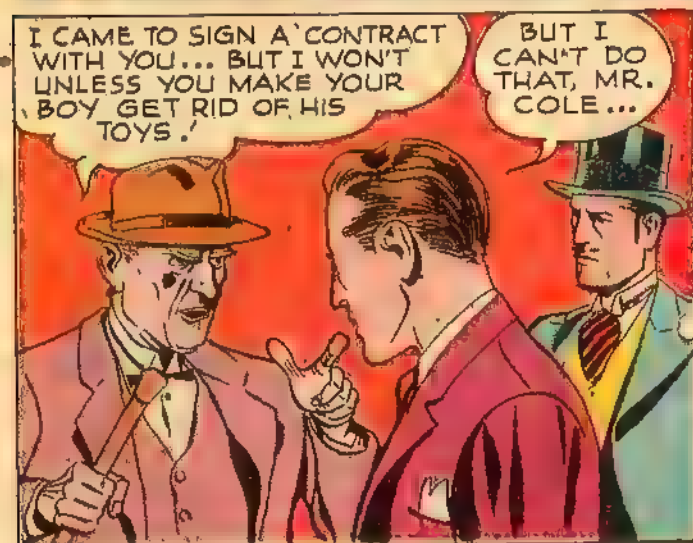
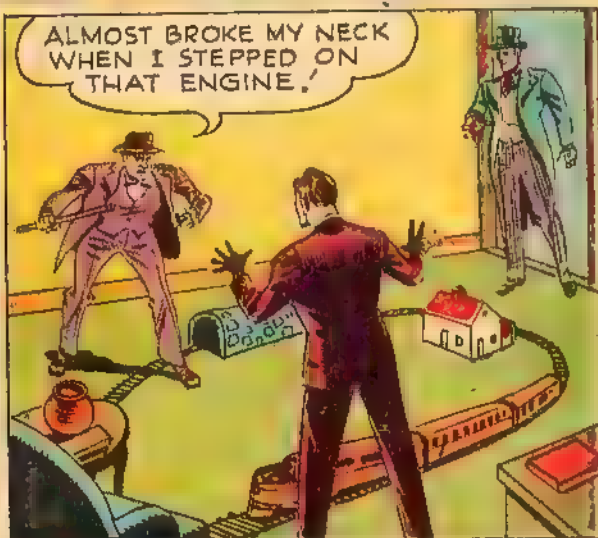
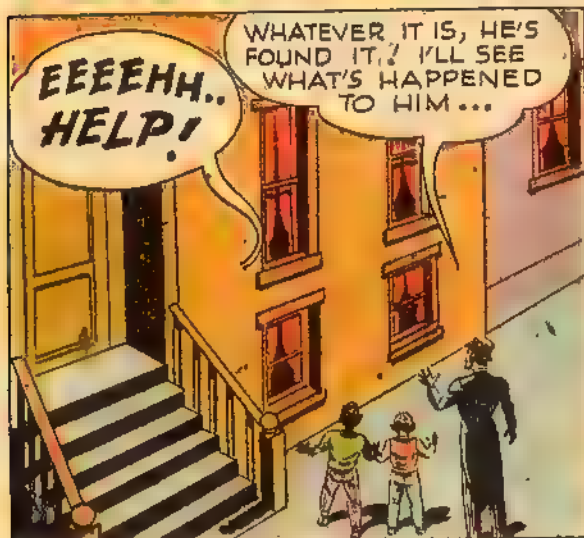


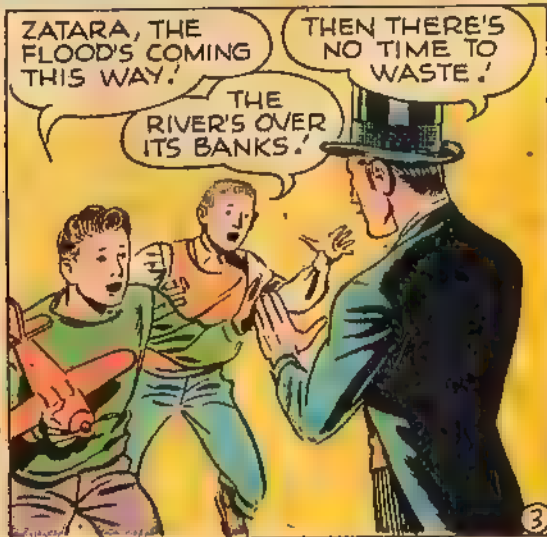
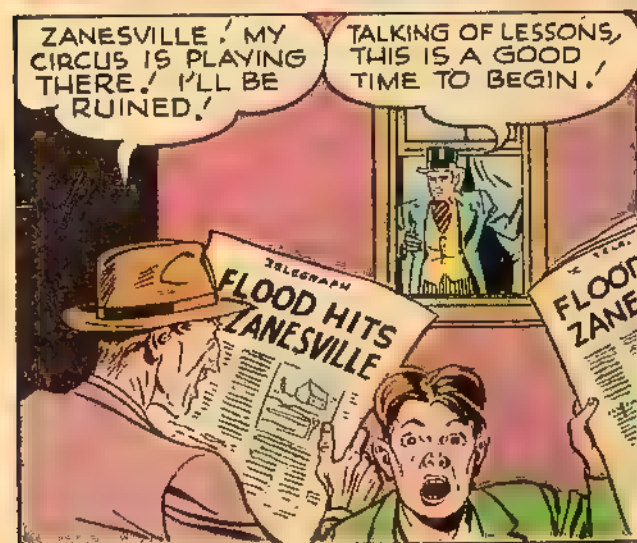
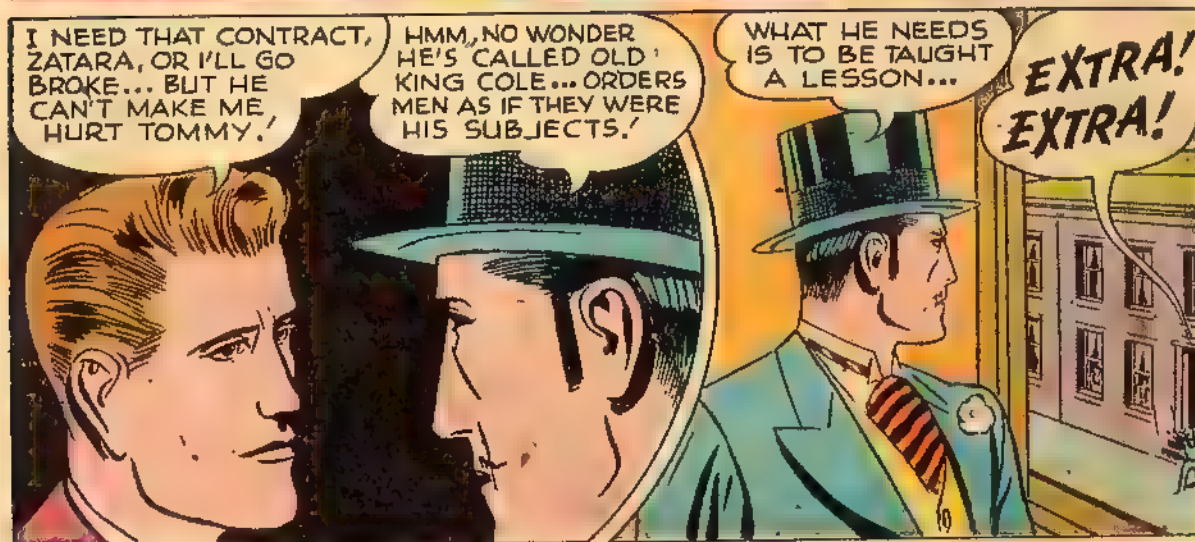
IT MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME!

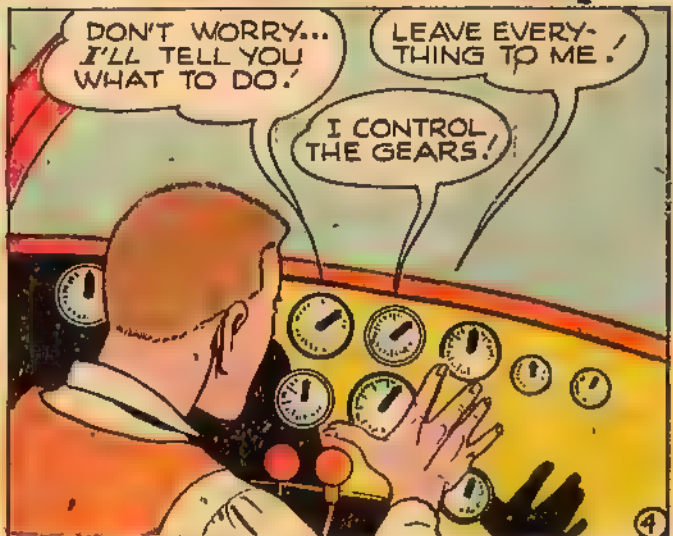
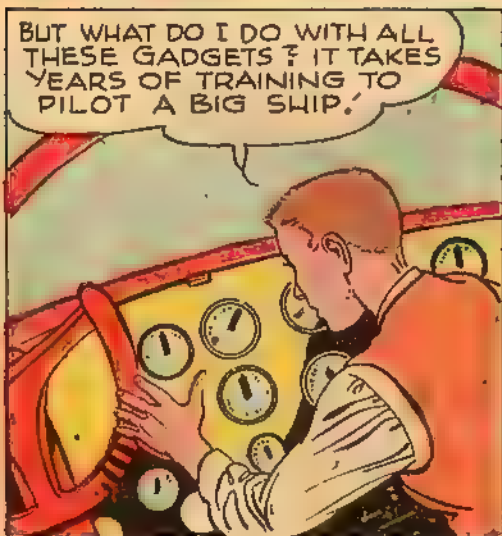
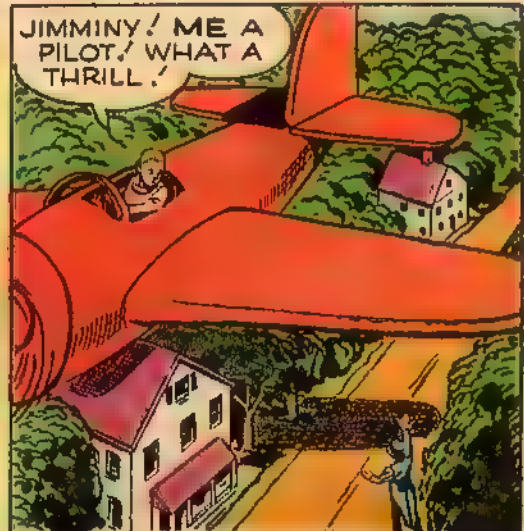
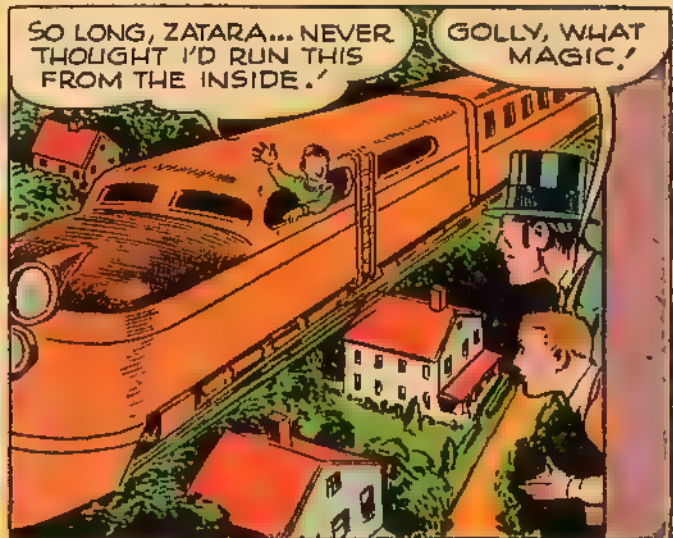
GOSH, MR. COLE, IT DIDN'T EVEN COME CLOSE!

IT WOULDN'T HAVE HURT YOU IF IT DID HIT YOU!











MEANWHILE, WONDER-WORKING ZATARA
SEEKS MORE HELP...

THESE BOATS
WILL RESCUE THE FLOOD VICTIMS.

PUT-
PUT-

EMOCEB GIB STAQB... DAEB
ROF REVIR!

I'VE STARTED COMBINED OPERATIONS...
LAND, SEA AND AIR! NOW TO SEE
WHAT'S GOING ON AT ZANESVILLE...

THERE'S THE PLANE PARA-
CHUTING SUPPLIES! GOOD
WORK!

WHAT'S THIS? ANIMALS FROM THE CIRCUS ARE RUNNING
AWAY. IF THEY SCATTER, IT'LL BE DIFFICULT
TO ROUND THEM UP.



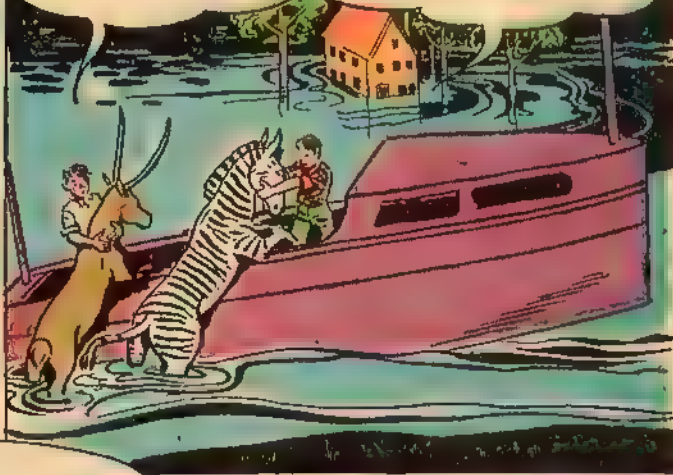
SUDDENLY, THE ONE-MAN AIR FORCE ROARS TO THE RESCUE!

BETTER GET BACK...
HELP'S COMING!



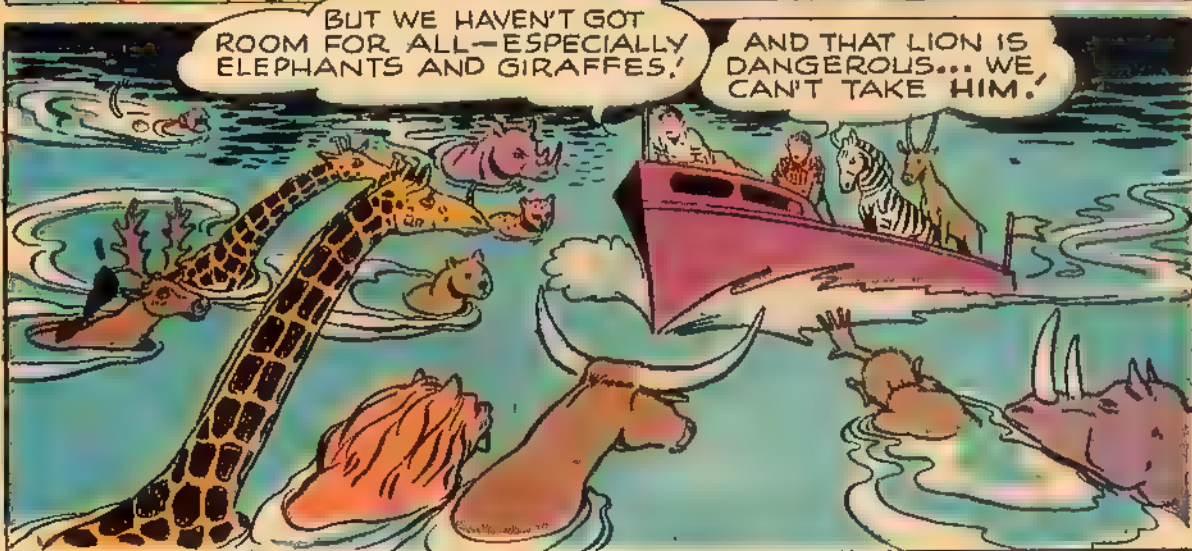
ZATARA SENT US...
HOP ABOARD!

WE'LL TURN THIS INTO
ANOTHER NOAH'S ARK!



BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT
ROOM FOR ALL—ESPECIALLY
ELEPHANTS AND GIRAFFES!

AND THAT LION IS
DANGEROUS... WE
CAN'T TAKE HIM!



MAYBE I CAN ARRANGE
IT SO THAT WE CAN
TAKE HIM!



SLAMINA...
KNIRHS!



**PRESTO, AND ZATARA HAS COLLECTED
A MARVELOUS TOY MENAGERIE.'**

THEY WON'T OCCUPY
TOO MUCH ROOM
NOW!

THEY'RE NOT DANGEROUS, EITHER.' GOSH, AND I WAS AFRAID OF THAT LITTLE LION.'

MEANWHILE...

ALL ABOARD, FOLKS!
WE'RE HEADED FOR
SAFE GROUND!

BUT SOME
PEOPLE DON'T
KNOW YOUR
TRAIN'S HERE.
WHAT ABOUT
THEM?

THEY'LL KNOW! THAT PLANE
IS SIGNALING THEM
WITH THOSE FLARES...

AND JUST TO MAKE SURE EVERYBODY UNDERSTANDS, MY PAL IS SKYWRITING THAT MESSAGE!

TRAIN LEAVES FROM HERE

LATER, AS THE FLOOD SUBSIDES...

TOYS? YOU STILL DON'T LIKE THEM AFTER THEY SAVED YOUR ANIMALS AND EVERY HUMAN LIFE?

NO, THEY CAME IN
HANDY! I'LL LET TOMMY
KEEP THEM... AND SIGN
THAT CONTRACT WITH
HIS FATHER!

There's Magic
in The Air—

AND IN EVERY
ISSUE OF

ACTION COMICS
and
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS—
with
ZATARA!

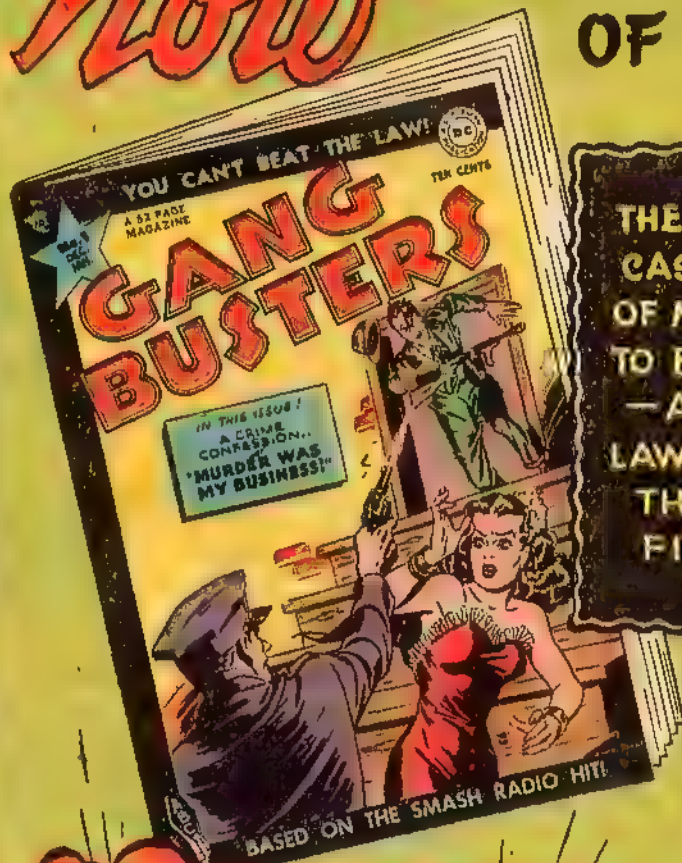
The End



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OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
—AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!**



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ACTION!

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BOYS AND GIRLS! HERE'S AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR YOU!



There's a thrill in hitting a home run for your team - I know that. Whether that team is the Yankees or your own community makes no difference.

And all of our communities need home runs this fall in their Community Chest campaigns. That's true because these Community Chests support so many fine Red Feather services, like YM's and YW's, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and a lot of others which benefit everybody.

So when you come up to bat for the Community Chest campaign this fall, why don't you hit a home run by making a big contribution to help send those Red Feather services all the way around the bases?

Joe D. Maggio

DESIGN FOR WINNING

by Tex Wade

YOUNG SHORTY BARR stood shivering in front of the Wayne bench, watching the scrub team trying to give the varsity a little action. In front of Shorty's feet stood the water pail, and now he seized it and ran out on the field as time was called.

Coach Rand ran out behind Shorty, Bill Martin, who captained the Wayne eleven, winced as he saw what was coming. "It's no use," Rand raged. "You fellows just can't beat Pitts tomorrow. They're too good for us."

Shorty looked up from his water pail, ladle in hand. He said impulsively, "That's not true, Coach. The fellows are all trying. I've watched every play."

Coach Rand whirled on Shorty, who looked, now, as if he regretted his comment.

"That'll be enough from you, Shorty," he barked. "Stick to your water dishing." If he hadn't been angry, Coach Rand wouldn't have been so harsh. After all, it was well known around the campus that he was smitten with Shorty's youngish mom, the Widow Barr. "I'll run my team."

Bill Martin said, "Shorty's only trying to help. And Shorty does know plays."

"That's more than you know," Rand said curtly. "Now get in there and run off eleven and five." He turned and walked back toward the bench, a worried frown on his face.

Bill Martin placed a hand on Shorty's shoulder. "Don't mind him, kid. He's just upset."

Shorty nodded. None knew better than he how upset the coach was. Beating Pitts would mean the difference between a new contract and no job. And Shorty had inadvertently overheard his mother and Rand talking. They'd be married if the contract was renewed.

Back on the bench, Shorty watched the play. Teddy Leeds sent the ball back to Huston, who grabbed it and looked for a receiver. Bill Martin was racing down the field, but he was closely covered by a scrub-team player. It looked as though he wouldn't get through.

Suddenly, Martin stumbled and fell. The Coach groaned. But Martin was up instantly and rushing back. Just as he did, Huston

threw a pass at him. Bill was in the clear, but now it was Shorty's turn to groan as Martin dropped the ball. The fullback couldn't have chosen a worse moment. All the pent-up fury of Coach Rand's frayed nerves broke. He whistled. "Practise is off!" he yelled. "You fellows can take your medicine tomorrow."

That night, studying after dinner, Shorty looked up from his books. Coach Rand had just left and Shorty's mother was doing some crocheting. He stared a long moment at the glittering crochet book. Suddenly he snapped his fingers and a happy grin spread over his face. "Mother," he said, "have we a buttonhook in the house?"

There was one in the sewing cabinet. His mother looked at him in surprise, as Shorty began to talk enthusiastically about the play Bill Martin had made that day, and what the buttonhook could do to improve it.

"But I don't understand, son," she said. "What has the hook to do with Bill Martin dropping the ball?"

Shorty's eyes danced. "I was hoping you wouldn't understand, mother. Look, you know football, and when you don't get it—well, maybe somebody else won't." He held up the buttonhook, pressed it to his lips. "My lucky charm," he murmured, then announced he was going over to see Bill Martin.

On the way to Bill's frat house he worked the play out in his mind. Why, it was so simple, so easy, that Bill just had to see it!

He wasn't wrong. Bill did.

But could he use it? Would Pitts roll up too big a score before he could try it? Only the next day, at game time, would he know.

Coach Rand had not expected such resistance on the part of his boys. He didn't know that Bill Martin had galled the team in for a pep talk the night before. And now it was paying off. They fought like fury and at the final quarter it was still a see-saw battle with the score nothing to nothing.

On the bench, his face white, Shorty literally gasped for breath as he saw the hands of

the clock go round. Two minutes to play! And not once had Bill Martin been able to break loose. And not once, Shorty realized, had Bill dared call the play they had discussed.

Suddenly, Shorty rose to his feet as he saw the formation. Bill was going to chance it, call the play!

Leeds snapped the ball to Huston, who faded back. Bill was racing down the field, covered leech-like by a Pitts man! Suddenly, before the astonished eyes of the coverer, Bill Martin seemed to lose all sense of direction. He curved, raced back. The Pitts player shook his head in bewilderment and for the first time Bill was free.

Thump! The ball hit him right in the stomach as Huston's pass found haven against Bill's jersey. The crowd was on its feet, wild. A puzzled Coach Rand stared at the play, undecided what to make of it. He hadn't called for such a play.

A tremendous roar swept through the stands. Bill Martin was moving toward the Pitts goal, darting and weaving.

"He's on the thirty!" the announcer said, over the loudspeaker, and his voice was screaming. "He's dipping and slipping! Look at the

boy go! The twenty... the fifteen. Oh... he's being tackled. . . . No . . . No . . . folks, he leaped over that Pitts safety man! He's in the clear! What a run! What a game! HE'S OVER!"

The announcer sank back in his chair, and the stands followed suit. Point was made after touchdown, and the game was over, seven to nothing. Wayne had beaten the previously undefeated, unscored-upon Pitts eleven.

Coach Rand rushed out on the field, grabbed Bill's hand. "It was wonderful, son, wonderful! What a play! How'd you figure it out?"

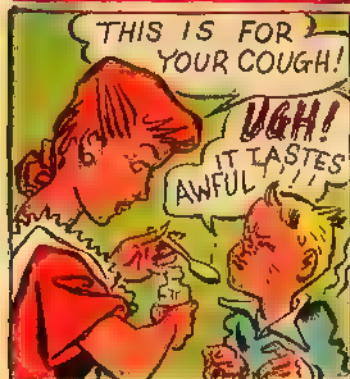
"I didn't," Bill yelled back. "It was Shorty who figured it." He looked at the shiny-eyed water boy who was holding up the buttonhook.

"I got the idea from this, Coach," Shorty gasped. "Remember yesterday when Bill slipped, then got up to run back and receive the pass. Well, I figured if he could do it by accident, he could do it intentionally. So I worked out this buttonhook play. And it worked."

"It sure did, son," Coach Rand said, putting his arm around Shorty. "And so will I for the next few years." He winked. "And maybe we can use a young fellow like you on the coaching staff when you graduate next year!"

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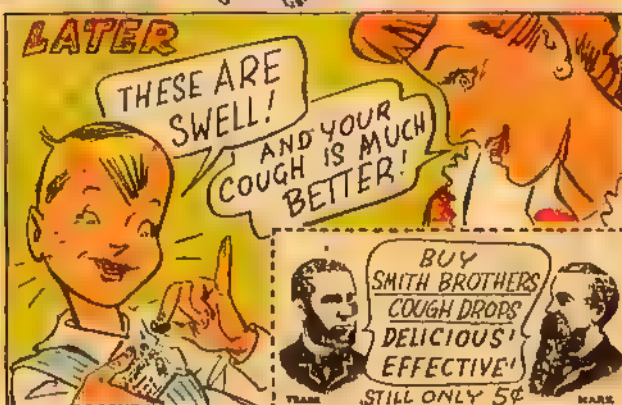
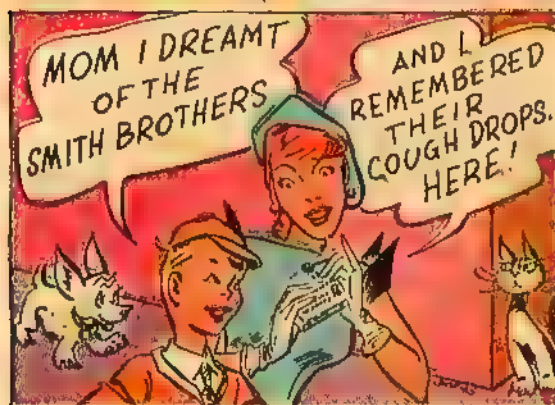
juniorjim . . . by S.B. Black



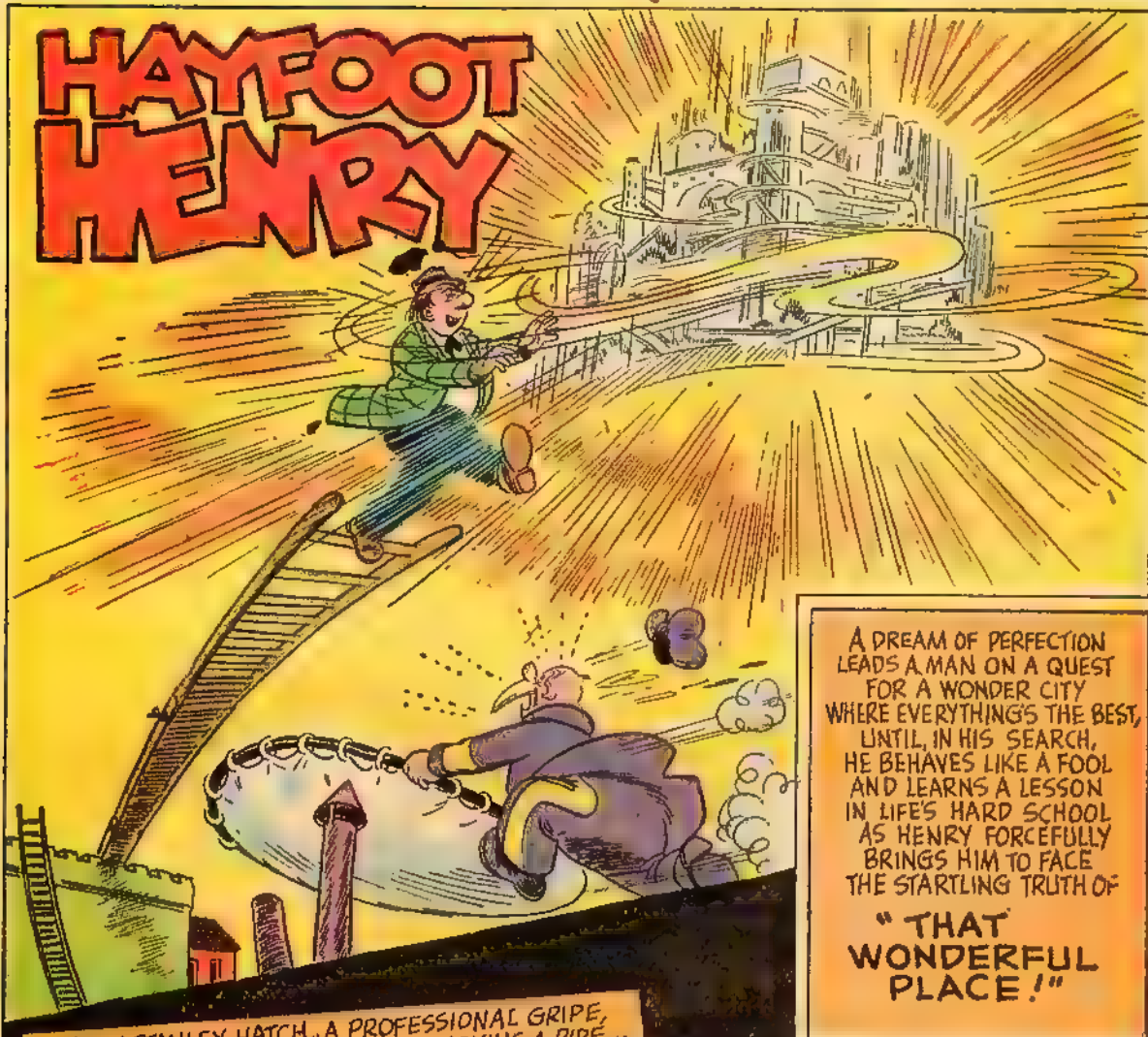
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HAYFOOT HENRY



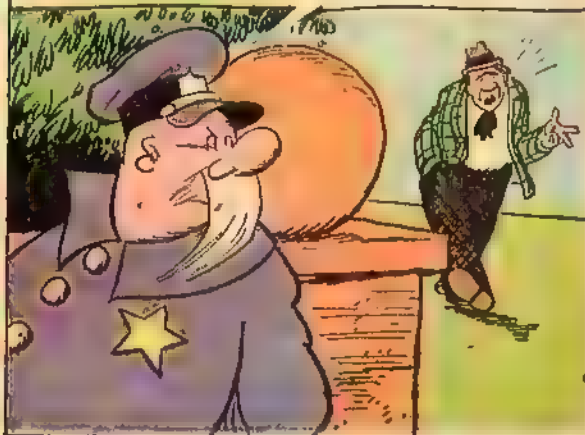
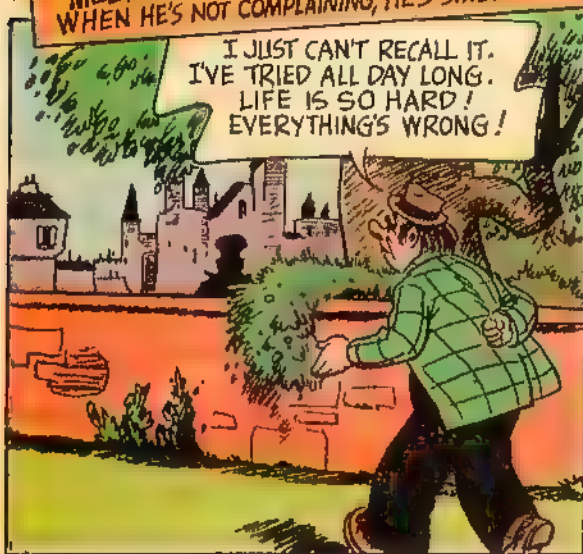
A DREAM OF PERFECTION
LEADS A MAN ON A QUEST
FOR A WONDER CITY
WHERE EVERYTHING'S THE BEST,
UNTIL, IN HIS SEARCH,
HE BEHAVES LIKE A FOOL
AND LEARNS A LESSON
IN LIFE'S HARD SCHOOL
AS HENRY FORCEFULLY
BRINGS HIM TO FACE
THE STARTLING TRUTH OF

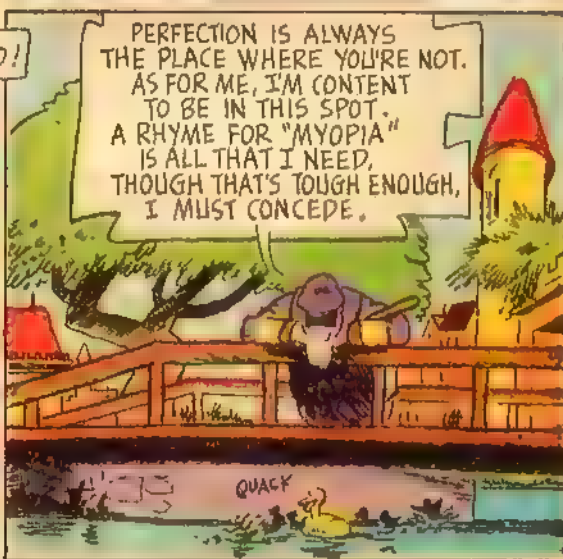
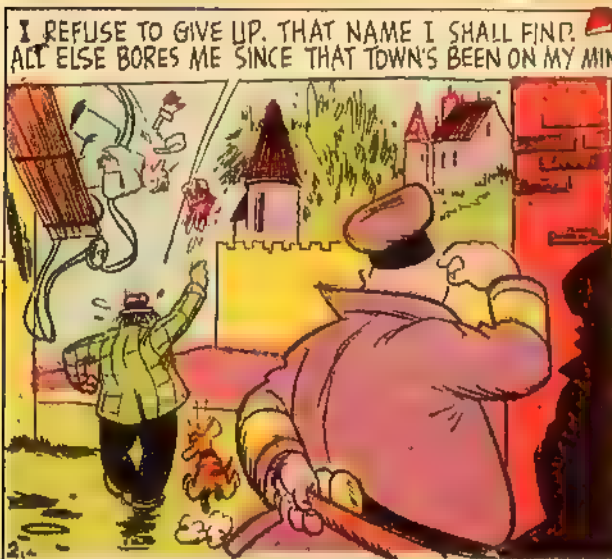
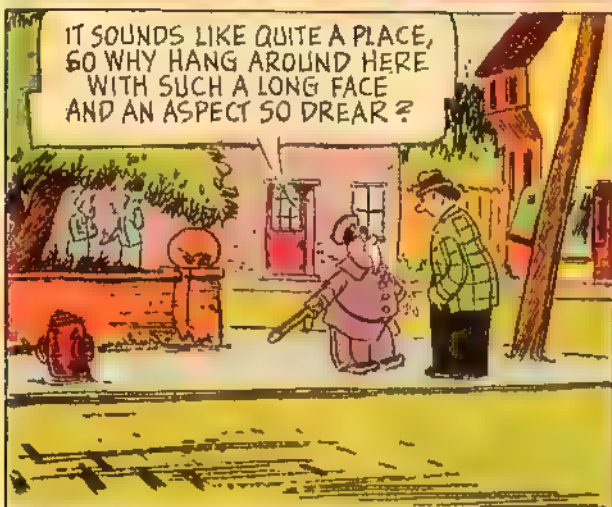
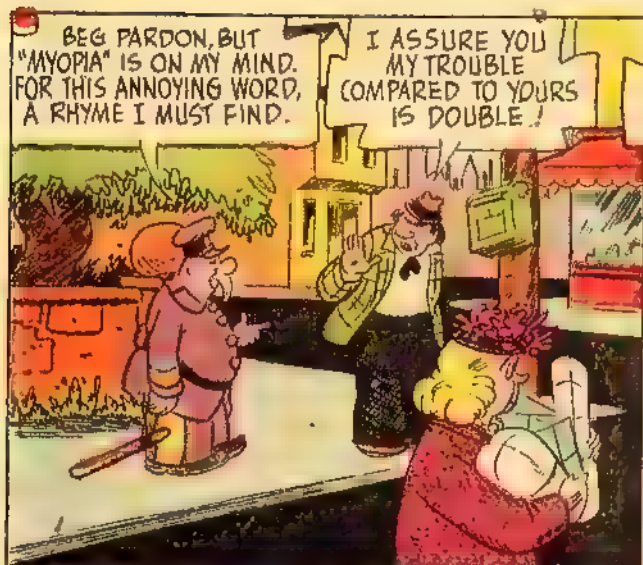
**"THAT
WONDERFUL
PLACE!"**

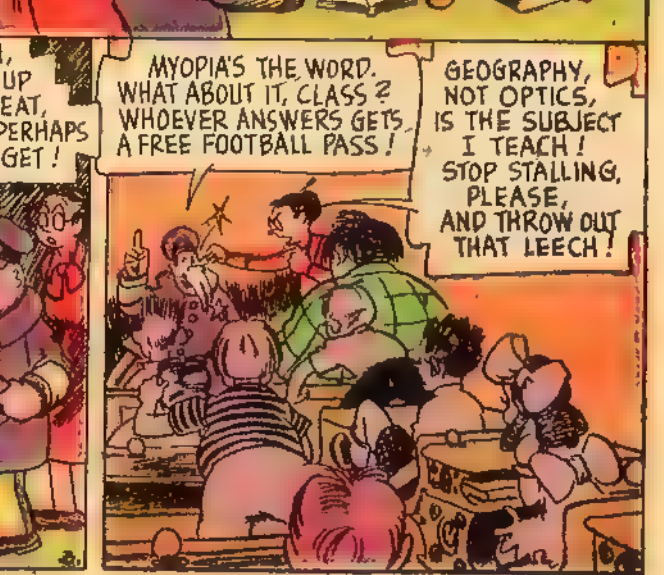
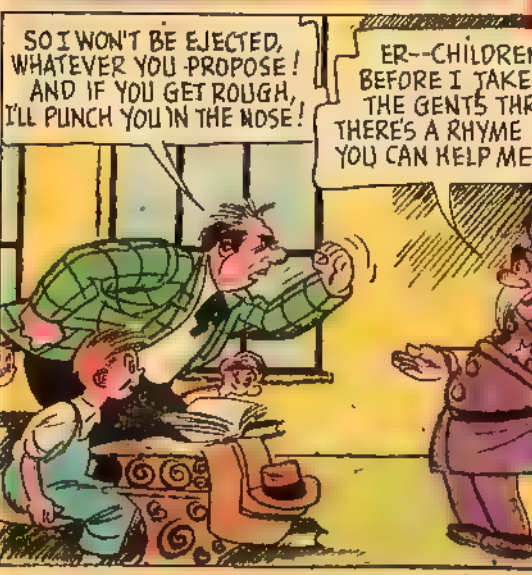
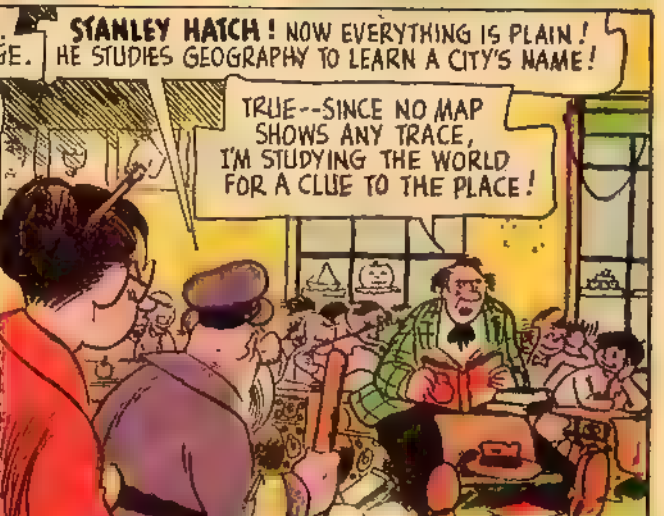
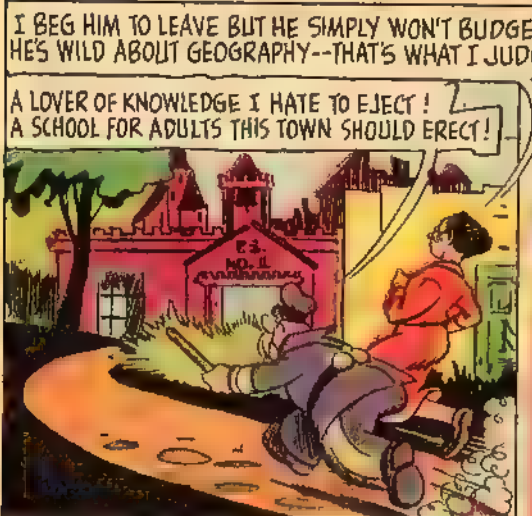
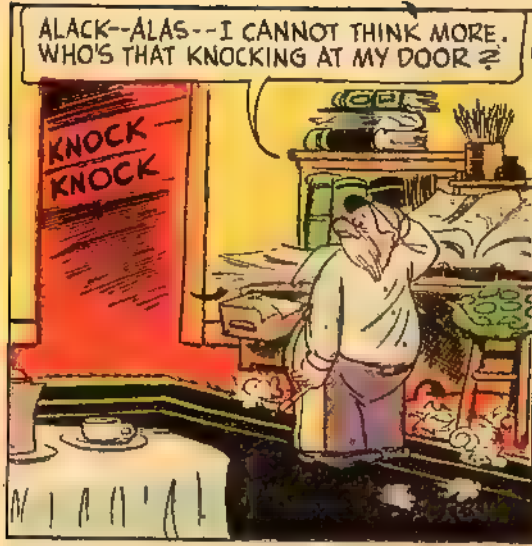
MEET STANLEY HATCH, A PROFESSIONAL GRIPE,
WHEN HE'S NOT COMPLAINING, HE'S SMOKING A PIPE...

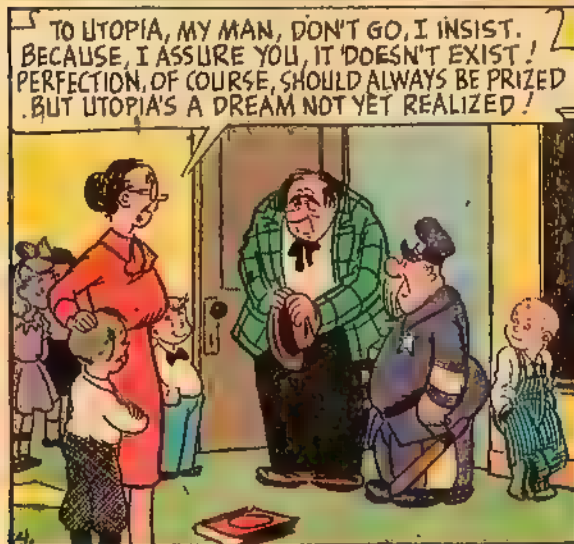
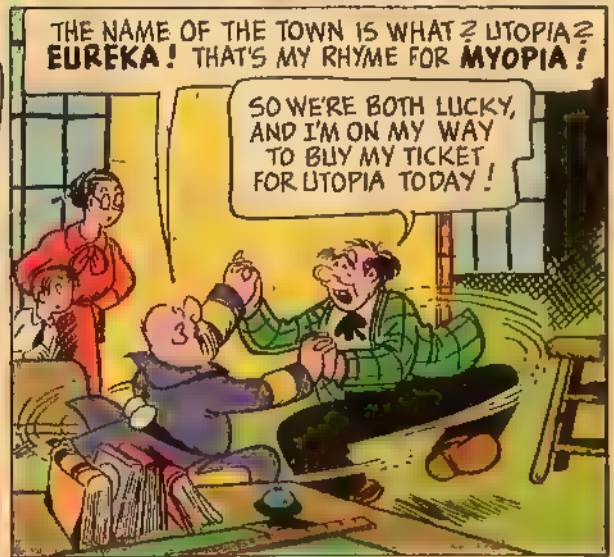
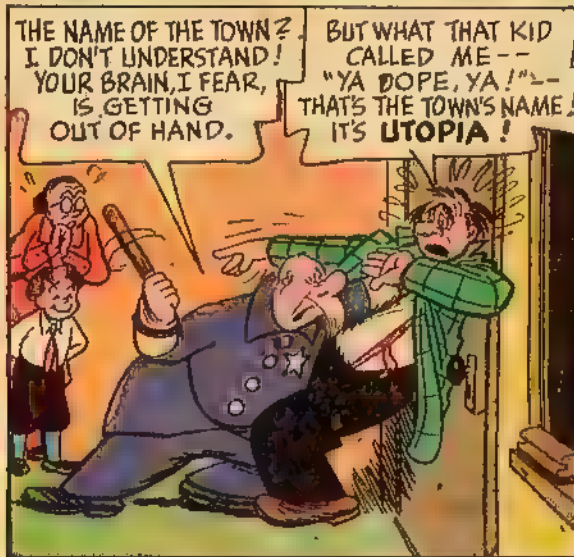
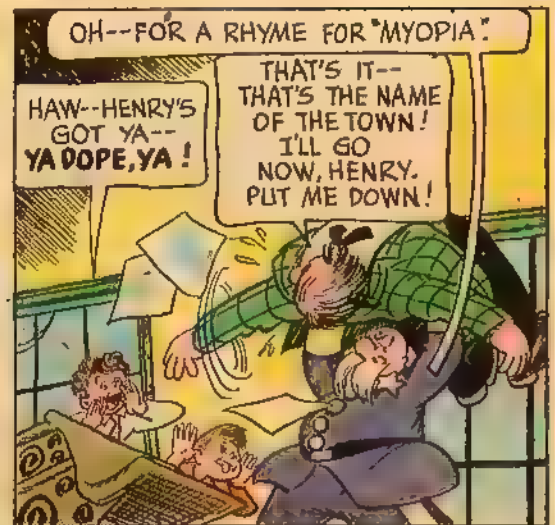
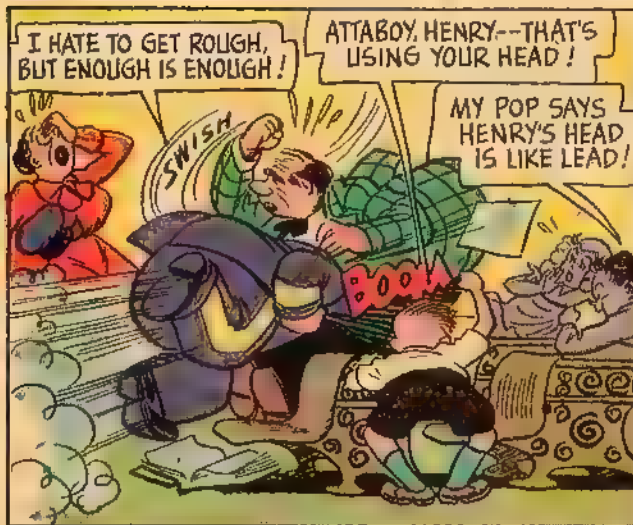
I JUST CAN'T RECALL IT.
I'VE TRIED ALL DAY LONG.
LIFE IS SO HARD!
EVERYTHING'S WRONG!

HERE COMES HATCH. HE'S GRUMBLING OUT LOUD,
HIS FACE IS ONE PERPETUAL CLOUD!
BUT FOR "MYOPIA", HE MAY KNOW A RHYME.
OTHERWISE, WITH HIM, I WOULDN'T WASTE TIME.



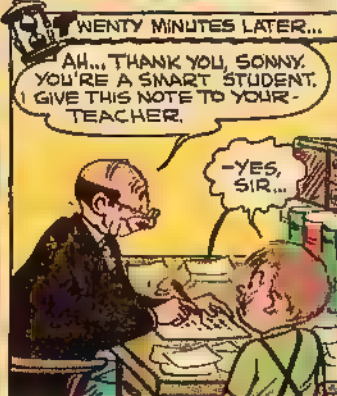
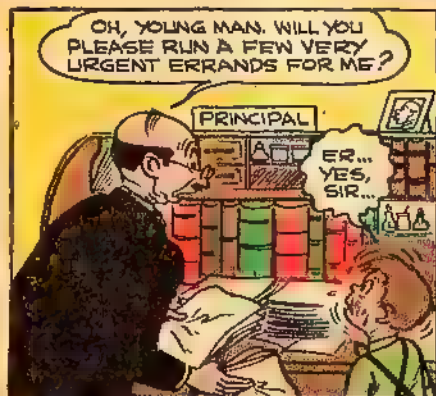
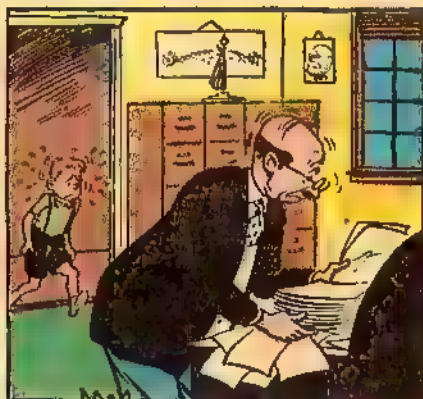
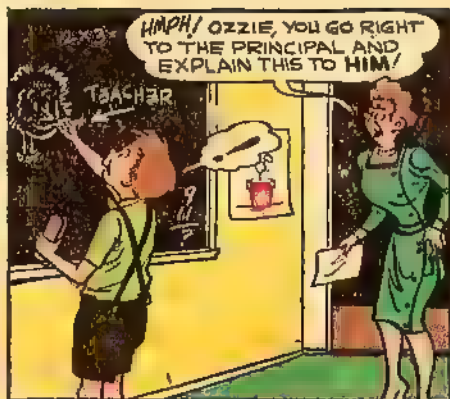






LITTLE OZZIE

by PAUL BERUBE



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PERHAPS THERE IS A POT OF GOLD AT THE FOOT OF EVERY RAINBOW, AS THE OLD LEGEND PROMISES, BUT WHEN A COLOR-
CLEVER CRIMINAL STARTS TO PROVE IT BY CLOAKING HIS OUTRAGES IN THE SPECTRUM'S MOST BRILLIANT HUES, THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, QUICKLY RECOGNIZE THE MULTI-SHADED SCHEMING OF...

**"The Man Who Stole
The Rainbow!"**

WHAT'S THIS? IS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR LOSING HIS MOST FAITHFUL FAN?

I'D RATHER WAIT FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS, TODAY, GREG... YOU DON'T MIND—

GO TO IT, STUFF! SEE YOU AFTER MY BROADCAST.

BUT THERE IS A REASON.

HERE THEY COME, BOY—WHAT A BAND! IT'S A SHAME GREG HAS TO MISS THIS!

GOSH, I NEVER SAW A DIRIGIBLE SO LOW!

HA-HA—IT'S TRYING TO GET IN THE PARADE!

WHILE OVERHEAD, INSIDE THE DIRIGIBLE, PLOTS THE RAINBOW MAN, CZAR OF COLOR!

SILVER—SHINING SILVER! THEY ARE SO ANXIOUS TO GET THEIR FINGERS ON SILVER—LET THEM HAVE IT, BOYS!

SILVER DUST! IT'S ALL OVER! I CAN'T SEE!

IT'S CHOKING ME! A-A-A-A-H!

BUT SAFELY SCREENED BY THE SILVER PALL...

ATTEMPTED RESISTANCE WOULD BE EXTREMELY ILL-ADVISED. WE SHALL MERELY APPROPRIATE YOUR FUNDS AND—

MY PAL "DICTIONARY" MEANS SHADDUP AND COUGH UP, MUG!



TSK, TSK, FLEDGLING! INFANTS MUST NOT IMPEDE THE PROGRESS OF THEIR ELDERS!

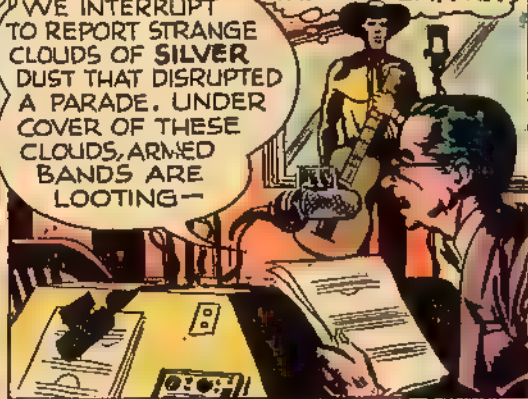
THOSE BIG WORDS... NOBODY BUT DICTIONARY WOULD SPILL SUCH A MOUTHFUL!



WHILE IN THE STUDIO, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S PROGRAM ENDS ABRUPTLY...

THIS IS A JOB FOR THE VIGILANTE!

WE INTERRUPT TO REPORT STRANGE CLOUDS OF SILVER DUST THAT DISRUPTED A PARADE. UNDER COVER OF THESE CLOUDS, ARMED BANDS ARE LOOTING—



BUT AGAINST THAT SILVER SHROUD EVEN THE VIGILANTE IS HELPLESS...

THE VIGILANTE! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

STUFF!

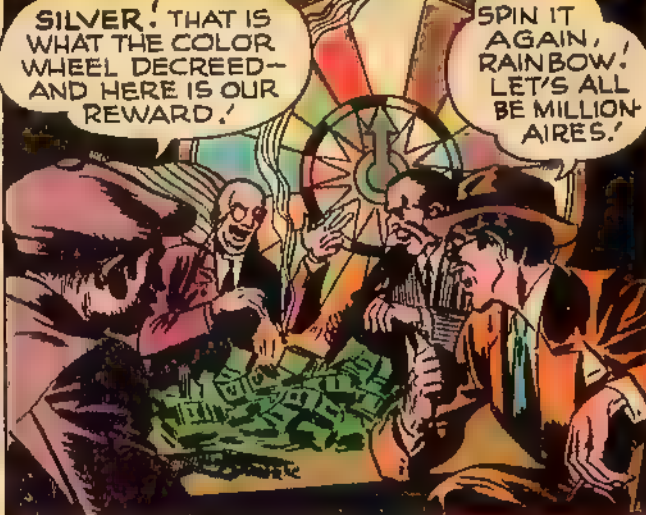
CAN'T SEE—BREATHE—CAN'T DO ANYTHING, VIG!



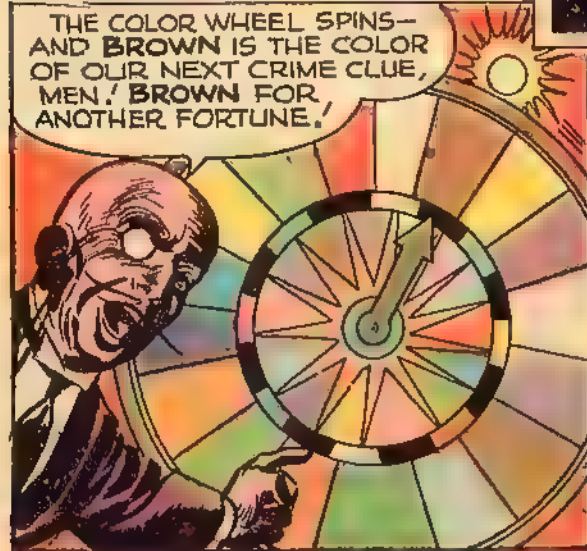
AND AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THAT COLOR-CONNING CRIMINAL, THE RAINBOW MAN...

SILVER! THAT IS WHAT THE COLOR WHEEL DECREED—AND HERE IS OUR REWARD!

SPIN IT AGAIN, RAINBOW! LET'S ALL BE MILLIONAIRES!



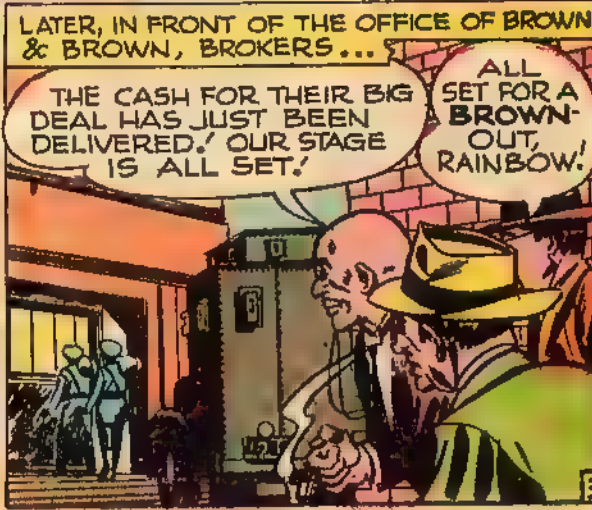
THE COLOR WHEEL SPINS—AND BROWN IS THE COLOR OF OUR NEXT CRIME CLUE, MEN! BROWN FOR ANOTHER FORTUNE!

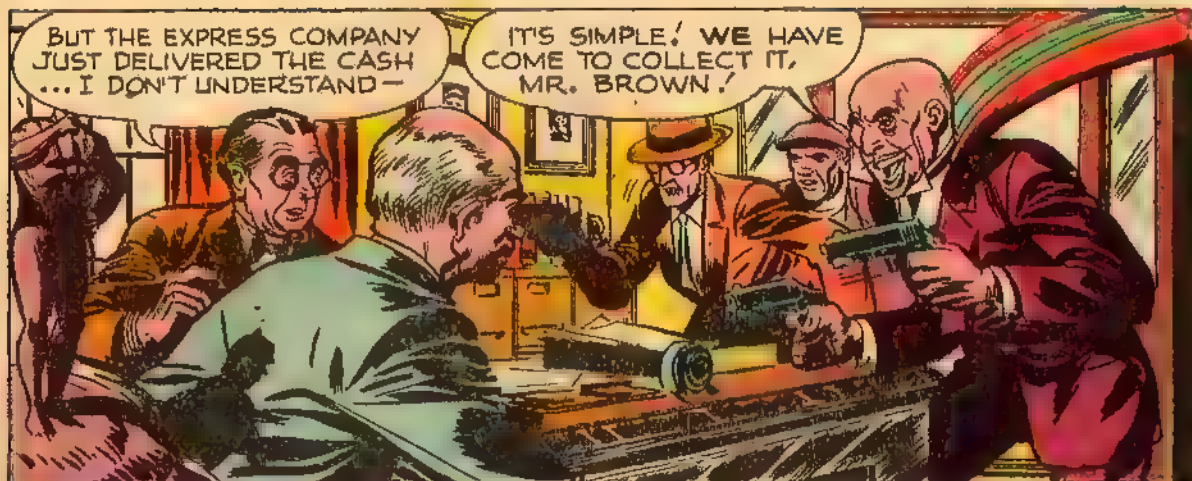


LATER, IN FRONT OF THE OFFICE OF BROWN & BROWN, BROKERS...

THE CASH FOR THEIR BIG DEAL HAS JUST BEEN DELIVERED! OUR STAGE IS ALL SET!

ALL SET FOR A BROWN-OUT, RAINBOW!





BUT THE EXPRESS COMPANY
JUST DELIVERED THE CASH
... I DON'T UNDERSTAND —

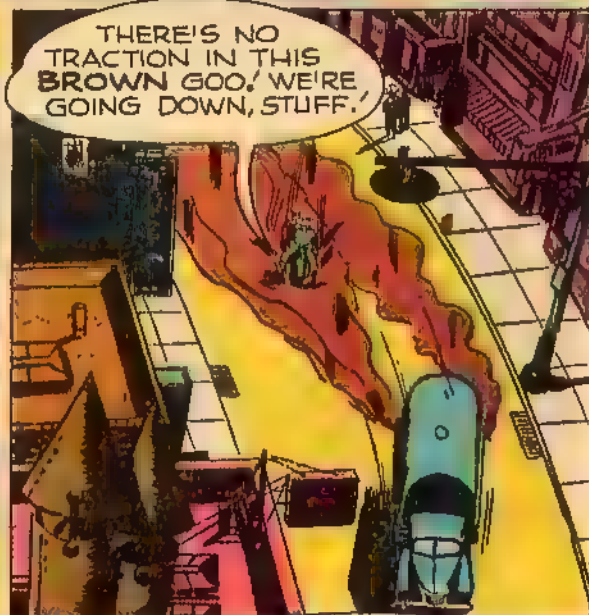
IT'S SIMPLE! WE HAVE
COME TO COLLECT IT,
MR. BROWN!



MINUTES LATER, THE VIGILANTE PICKS
UP THE TRAIL OF THE RAINBOW MAN...

THERE THEY GO,
STUFF, LOOK OUT FOR
THAT SPRINKLER
TRUCK!

WE'LL GET
A BATH
PASSING
IT...

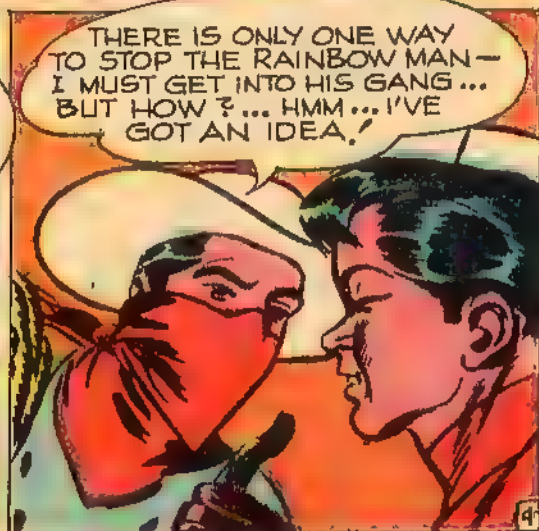


THERE'S NO
TRACTION IN THIS
BROWN GOO! WE'RE
GOING DOWN, STUFF!



GEE, VIG—
THIS 'STUFF' IS
MOLASSES!

BROWN & BROWN—
BROWN TRUCKS—
BROWN MOLASSES!
WE'RE CAUGHT IN ANOTHER
OF THE RAINBOW MAN'S
COLOR-TRIMMED TRAPS,
'STUFF'!



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY
TO STOP THE RAINBOW MAN—
I MUST GET INTO HIS GANG...
BUT HOW? ... HMM... I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!



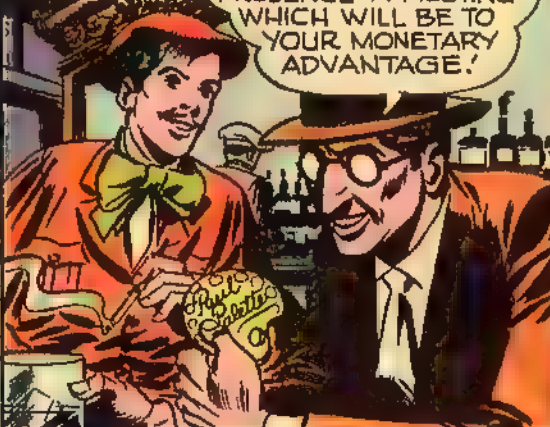
A VISIT TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER IS THE FIRST STEP IN THE VIG'S PLAN...

ANYTHING TO HELP YOU CATCH THE RAINBOW MAN? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE NEWSPAPERS, VIGILANTE—OR SHOULD I SAY "PAUL PALETTE"?



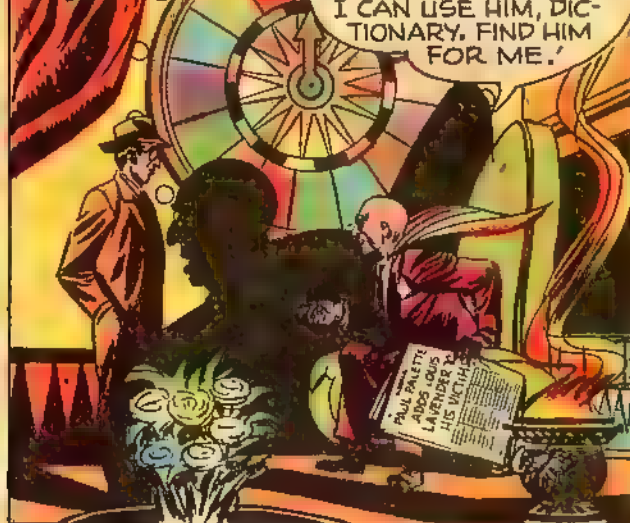
AND NOW MEET PAUL PALETTE ALIAS THE VIGILANTE...

LOCATING YOU GRATIFIES ME IMMENSELY, PALETTE! THE RAINBOW MAN DESIRES YOUR PRESENCE—A MEETING WHICH WILL BE TO YOUR MONETARY ADVANTAGE!



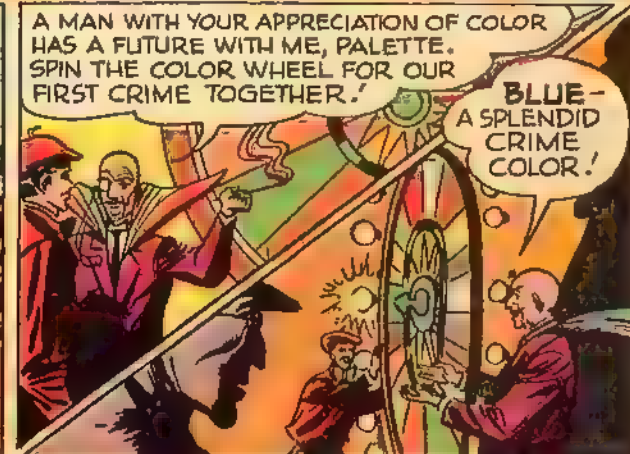
NEXT MORNING

PAUL PALETTE—THERE'S A CLEVER MAN WITH AN EYE FOR COLOR! I CAN USE HIM, DICTIONARY. FIND HIM FOR ME!



A MAN WITH YOUR APPRECIATION OF COLOR HAS A FUTURE WITH ME, PALETTE. SPIN THE COLOR WHEEL FOR OUR FIRST CRIME TOGETHER!

BLUE—A SPLENDID CRIME COLOR!



LATER, IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE ON THE BLUE STAR LINER "BLUE QUEEN", AFTER HAVING TIED UP THE PURSER...

YOUR JEWELS ARE PERFECTLY SAFE WITH US, MADAME!

\$5,000—HERE IS YOUR RECEIPT, SIR!

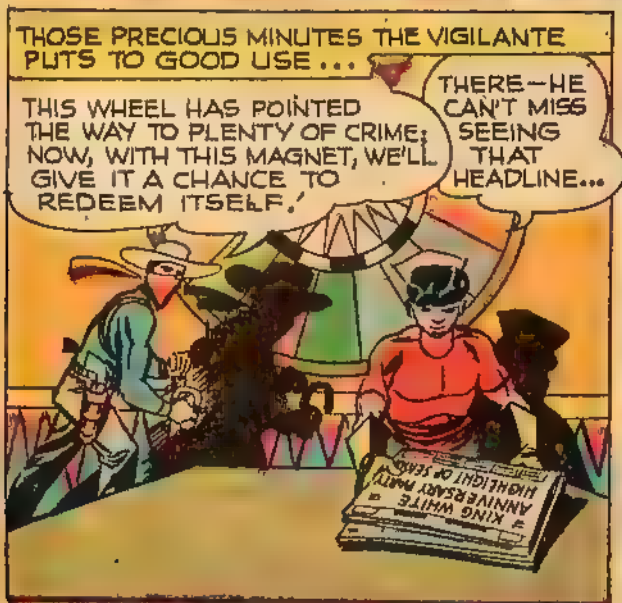
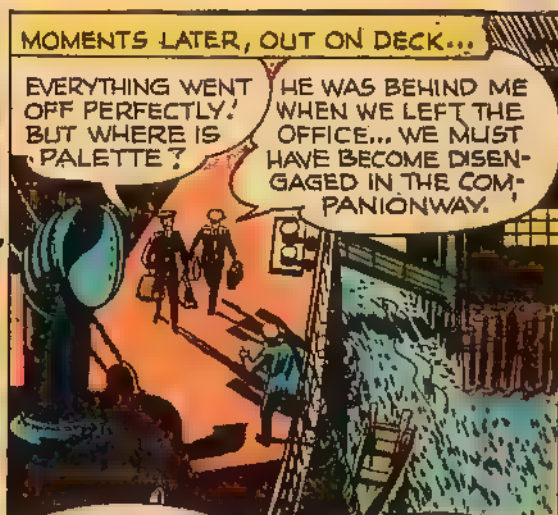
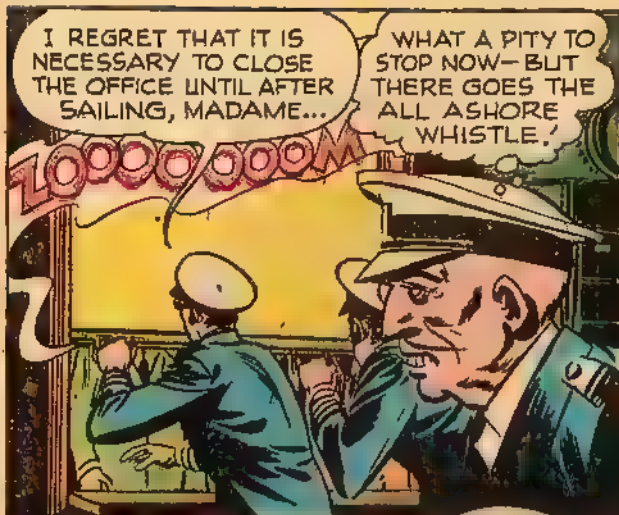
A GOLDEN STREAM FLOWING RIGHT INTO OUR POCKETS!

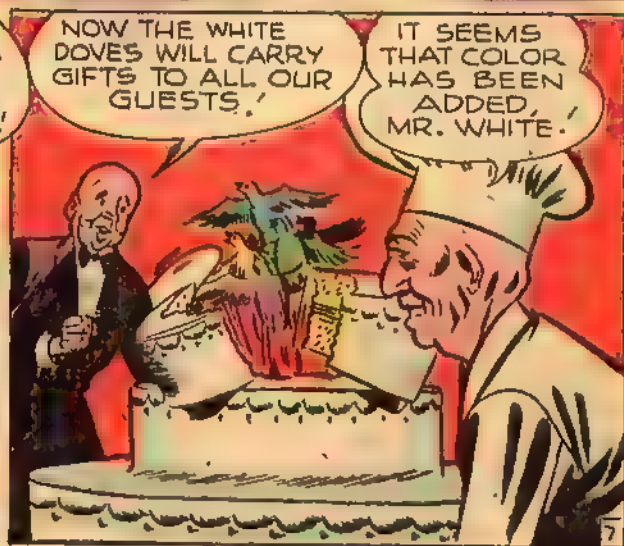
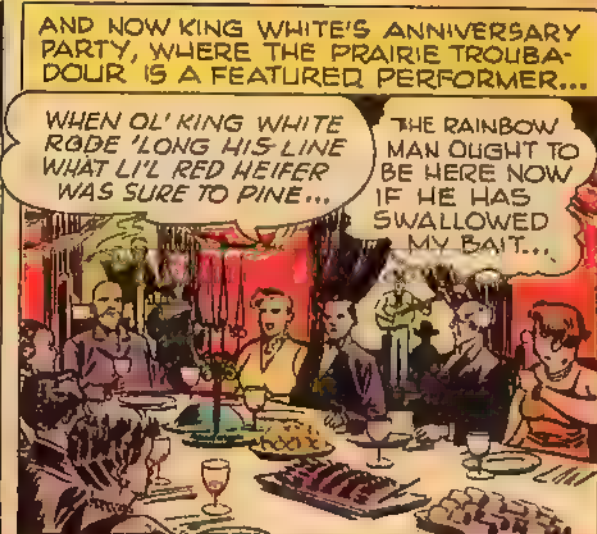
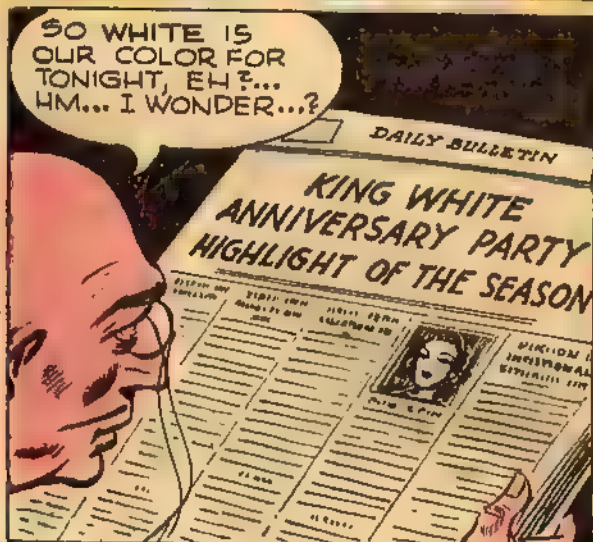
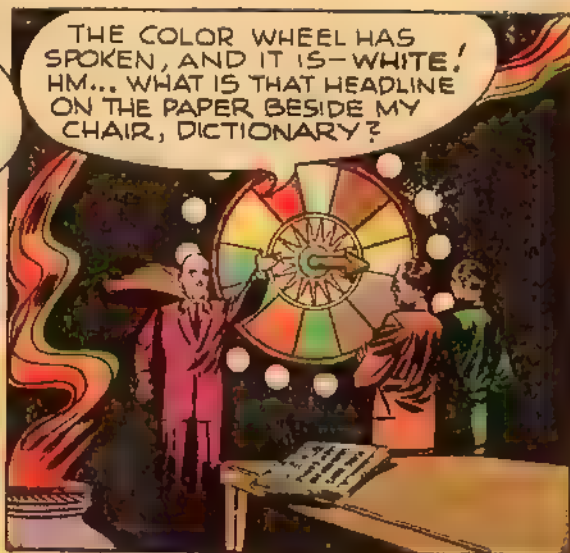
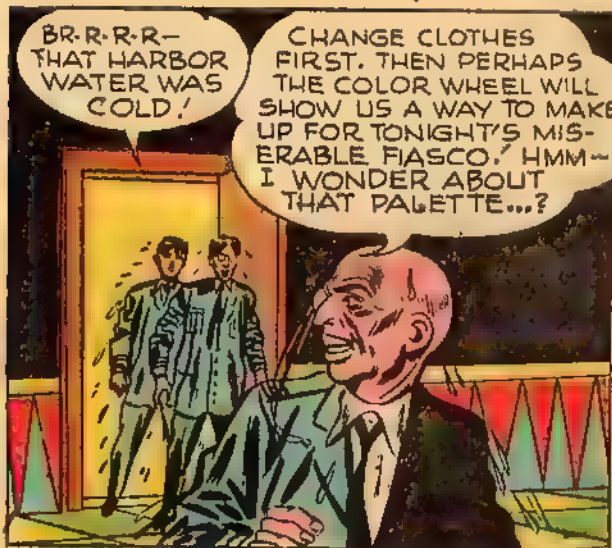


YOUR CROWN JEWELS WILL HAVE MY PERSONAL ATTENTION, YOUR HIGHNESS!

AND HOW!





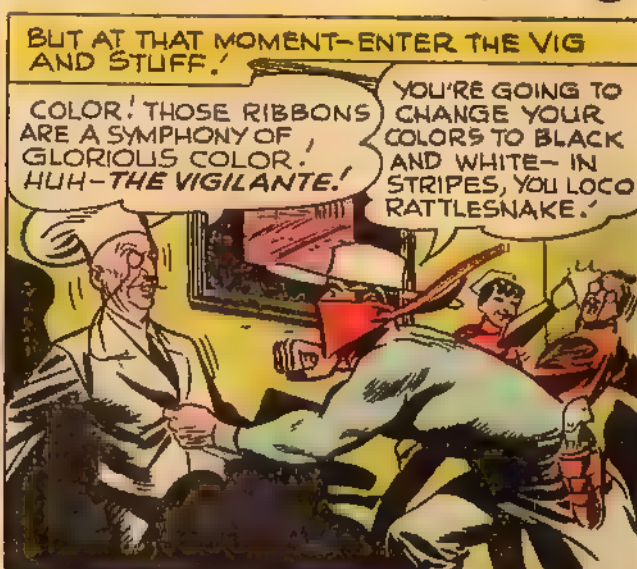




LOOK OUT FOR THOSE FISHHOOKS!

OH, ONE'S CAUGHT IN MY HAIR!

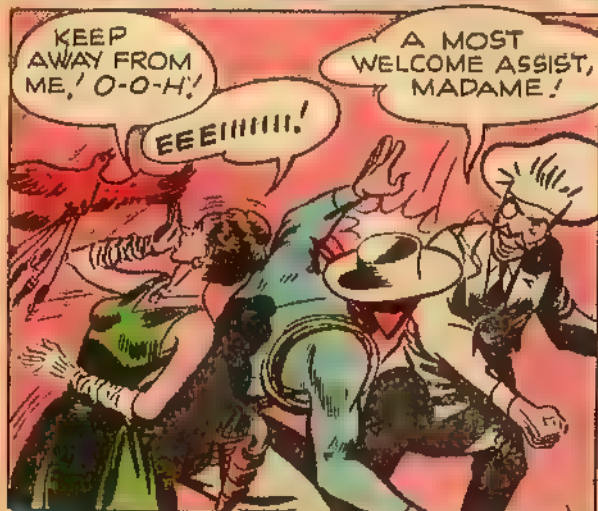
THIS IS TERRIBLE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT-ENTER THE VIG AND STUFF!

COLOR! THOSE RIBBONS ARE A SYMPHONY OF GLORIOUS COLOR! HUH-THE VIGILANTE!

YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE YOUR COLORS TO BLACK AND WHITE- IN STRIPES, YOU LOCO RATTLESNAKE!



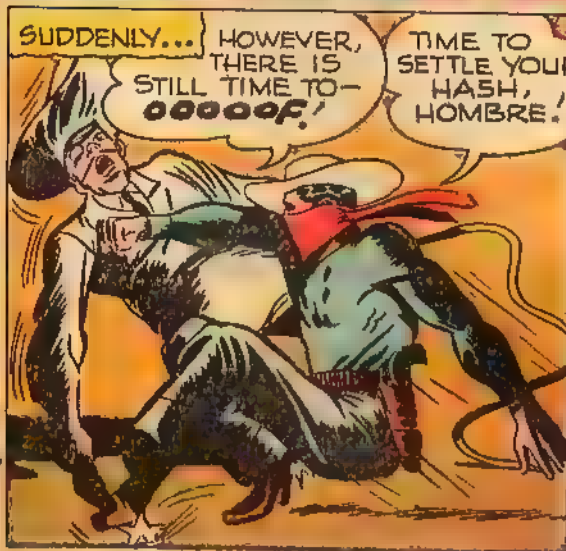
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, O-O-H!

A MOST WELCOME ASSIST, MADAME!

EEEEEE!!!

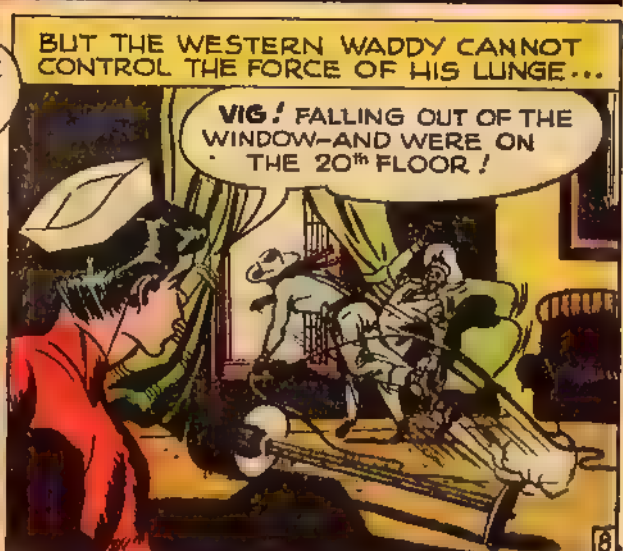


IT WAS VERY CLEVER OF YOU TO MEDDLE WITH MY COLOR WHEEL, VIGILANTE, BUT I SUSPECTED IT WAS A TRAP.



SUDDENLY... HOWEVER, THERE IS STILL TIME TO- OOOOOF!

TIME TO SETTLE YOUR HASH, HOMBRE!



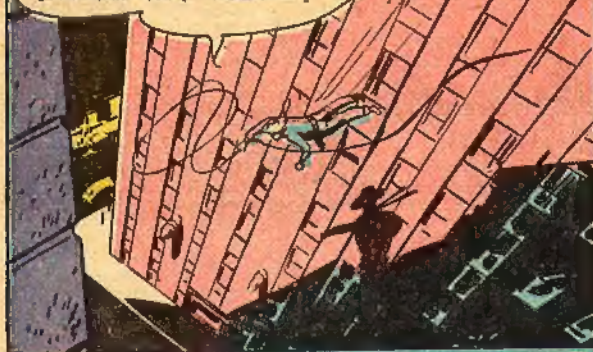
BUT THE WESTERN WADDY CANNOT CONTROL THE FORCE OF HIS LUNGE...

VIG! FALLING OUT OF THE WINDOW-AND WERE ON THE 20TH FLOOR!



DOWN, DOWN— BUT THE VIGILANTE IS FAR FROM HELPLESS...

GRIN ALL YOU WANT, STONE FACE— BUT SNAG MY ROPE!



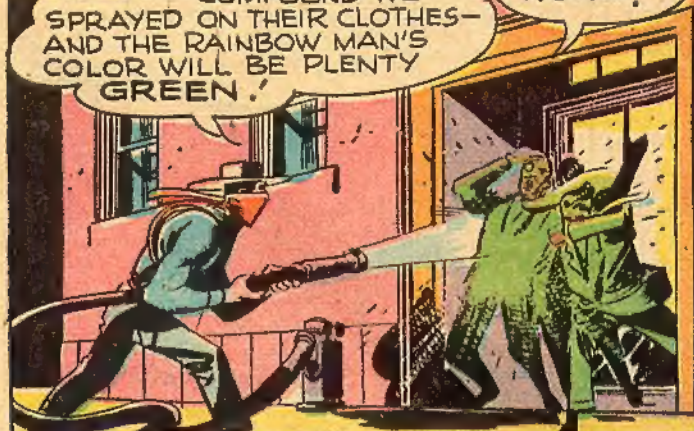
MADE IT! NOW IF I CAN GET DOWN TO THE ENTRANCE BEFORE THE RAINBOW MAN REACHES THE STREET— WILL HIS FACE BE GREEN!



MOMENTS LATER...

ADD WATER TO THE PHOSPHORESCENT COMPOUND WE SPRAYED ON THEIR CLOTHES— AND THE RAINBOW MAN'S COLOR WILL BE PLENTY GREEN!

THE VIGILANTE AGAIN!



VIGILANTE! HO-HO— LET THEM TRY TO SNEAK AWAY NOW! STOP, THIEF! STOP THOSE GREEN MEN!



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE COLOR TO BRAND A CROOK, IS THERE, RAINBOW MAN?

THIS FLUORESCENT PIGMENT IS MOST EMBARRASSING—

EEEEIII!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

RAINBOW, I'D SAY YOU WERE A LITTLE GREEN AROUND THE GILLS!

HO-HO! THAT'S A COLOR HE'LL HAVE LOTS OF TIME TO REMEMBER, VIG!



Like COLORFUL CRIME-BUSTING TEAMS?

THEN JOIN
STAR-SPANGLED KID
and STRIPESY
EVERY MONTH IN
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

THE END

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GIRLS!
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SECRETS
OF

MAGIC

By **BLACKSTONE**

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MAGICIAN



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"THE WEB-FOOTED
BURGLAR"

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
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SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sun. evg. on your Columbia (CBS) System
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM AND EFFIE ARE SPENDING SUNDAY AT LONELY
CRAB-CLAW BAY. AS THEY WALK ON THE BEACH, EFFIE
NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR AND REMARKS ...

SAM, LOOK
AT THOSE
FUNNY BIG
TRACKS!

YEA! KIND OF LIKE OVER-GROWN DUCK
FEET, AREN'T THEY? HEY LISTEN ...

HELP!

SAM, COME BACK
HERE--WATER'S
BAD FOR YOUR
HAIR!

I KNOW SWEETHEART--
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS
USE WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL. BUT LISTEN TO
THAT DAMSEL IN
DISTRESS

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BABY?
SOMEONE SWIPE
YOUR CLOTHES?

WORSE THAN
THAT--SOMEONE
CAME ON BOARD
AND STOLE MY
JEWELRY

WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK SOMEONE
CAME ABOARD--
ONE OF THESE
GUYS PROBABLY
DID THE JOB!

THEN WHO MADE THIS PATH
OF WATER ACROSS THE
DECK TO MY CABIN

SAM EXAMINES THE DECK, THEN
HE REMEMBERS THE TRACKS EFFIE
SAW IN THE SAND, AND ...

... BACK ON SHORE--THESE TRACKS
LEAD SAM STRAIGHT TO A HIDDEN
CAVE.

JUST AS I THOUGHT--
AN UNDERWATER
SWIMMING OUTFIT!

AND HERE
ARE MY
THINGS!

SAM, QUICK--
SOMEONE'S
COMING!

THAT'LL HOLD HIM! EFFIE,
TAKE THE CAR AND GET THE
POLICE!

OKAY! AND I'LL
BRING THAT WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL FROM THE
CAR, TOO YOUR HAIR'S
A MESS!

TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE IF YOU WANT 'EM
TO NOTICE A BIG IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR
APPEARANCE. GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC AND USE IT REGULARLY

GOOD! THE
CHIEF'LL BE
GLAD TO GET
THIS GUY!

HERE
THEY
COME,
SAM!

**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC**

MOODS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE
HANGDOGS
WILDROOT CO. INC.

LATER...

SAM, WHAT ARE YOU
DOING IN THAT SILLY
DIVING SUIT?

GOT A DATE WITH
THAT BABE ON THE
BOAT SWEETHEART,
AND WHO KNOWS--
I MAY HAVE TO
SWIM HOME

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

TOMMY FRIEDMAN - VOTED

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

"Most Popular Boy"

IN HIS CLASS at FOREST PARK
HIGH SCHOOL, Baltimore, Md.



TOMMY FRIEDMAN is certainly "Big Man on Campus" at Forest Park High, Baltimore! Elected "Most Popular," he's also "Most Likely to Succeed" and "Most All-Around." Big interest is politics, public speaking. Plays Jayvee basketball, active in student government. Favorite subject - Chemistry; Pet "Peeve" - back-seat drivers. Over 6 feet tall, he thinks Thom McAn's GroScope a good idea because it protects boys and girls against *stunting their foot growth* with outgrown shoes.



LIKES LACROSSE.
HOPES TO PLAY
AT COLLEGE.



ON THE
AIR

TOM'S A RADIO SPEAKER--
APPEARED ON JUNIOR TOWN
MEETING OF THE AIR.



REPRESENTED BALTIMORE
U.N. YOUTH IN N.Y. GREAT
THRILL WAS HEARING
GEN. EISENHOWER SPEAK.

HONOR-ROLL
STUDENT THROUGHOUT
HIGH SCHOOL.



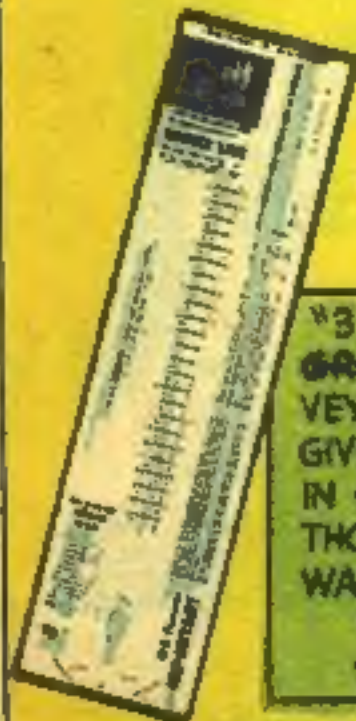
INTENDS TO
STUDY MEDICINE.



LOVES TO EXPERIMENT
WITH STRANGE FOREIGN DISHES.



PRESIDENT OF HIS
CLASS FOR 2 YEARS.



"3 OUT OF 4 YOUNGSTERS WEAR OUT-GROWN SHOES"--SAYS NATIONWIDE SURVEY. AND THERE'S USUALLY NO PAIN TO GIVE YOU WARNING--BECAUSE SOFT BONES IN GROWING FEET DON'T "CRY-OUT." BUT THOM MCAN'S EXCLUSIVE GRO-CHART WARNS YOU IN TIME, GIVES YOU CONTINUOUS PROTECTION AGAINST STUNTING YOUR FOOT GROWTH.

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RICH GRAIN-LEATHER.
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MENS' STYLE
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